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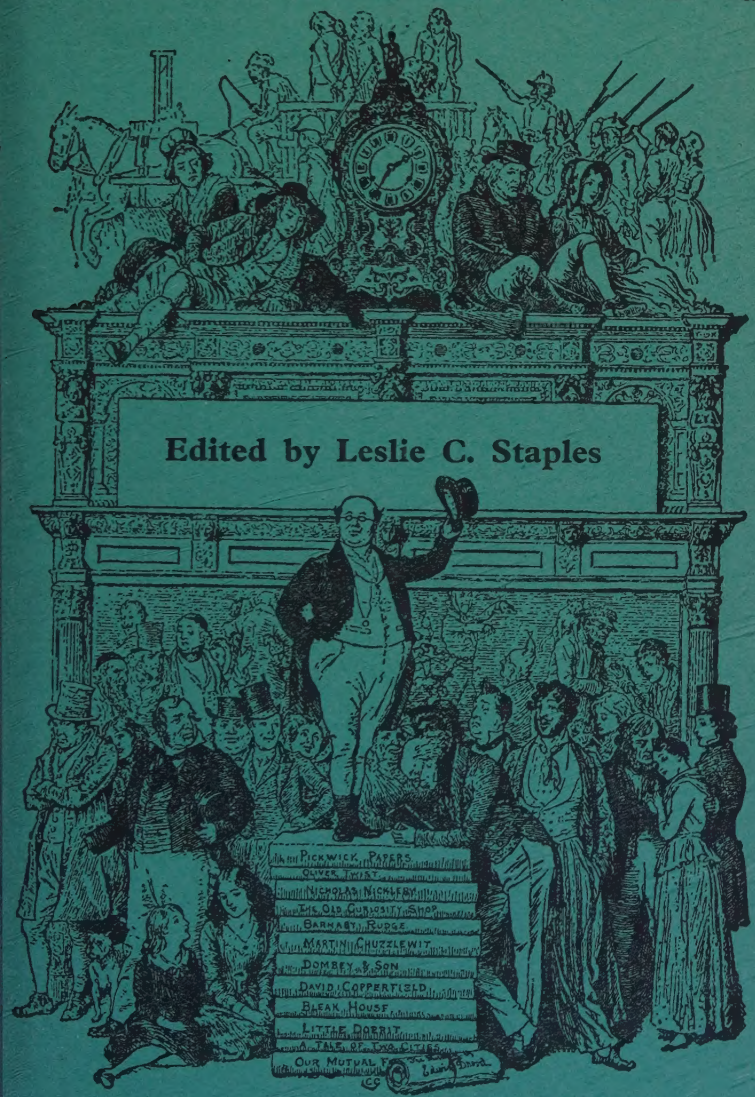

Edited by Leslie C. Staples

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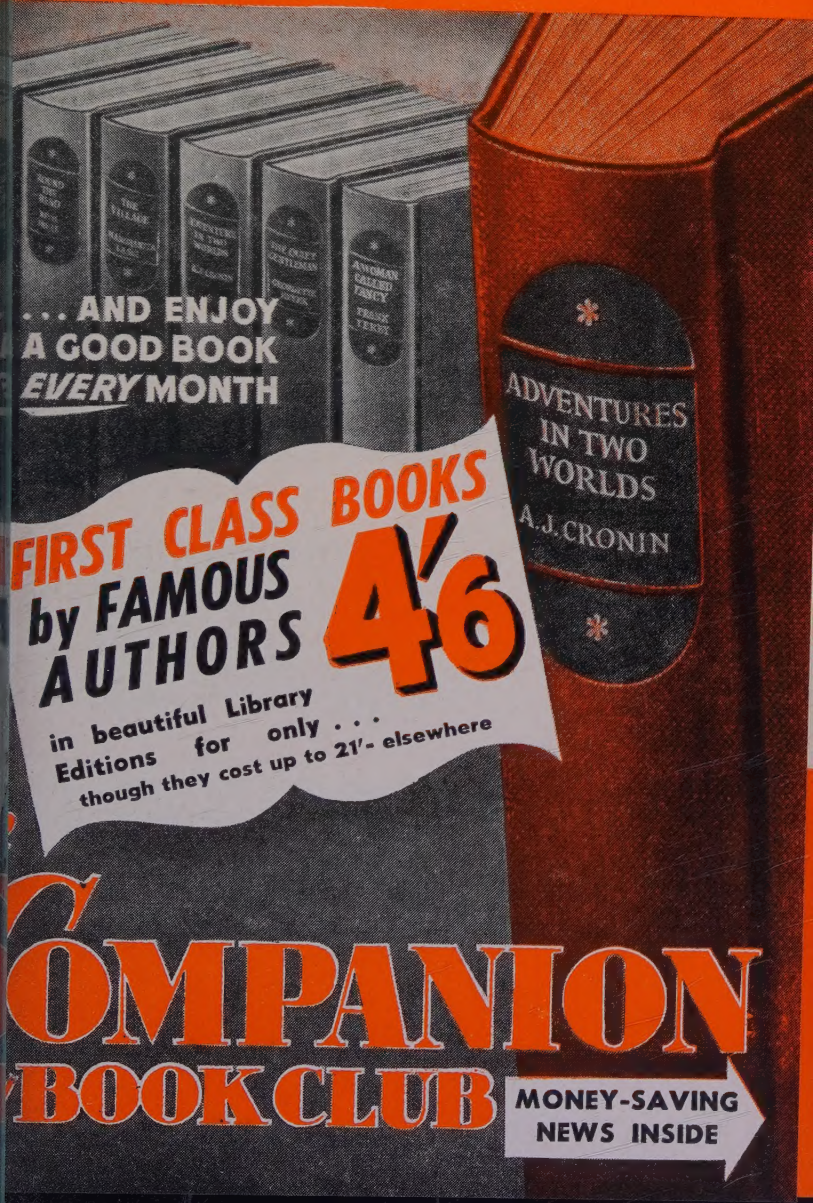

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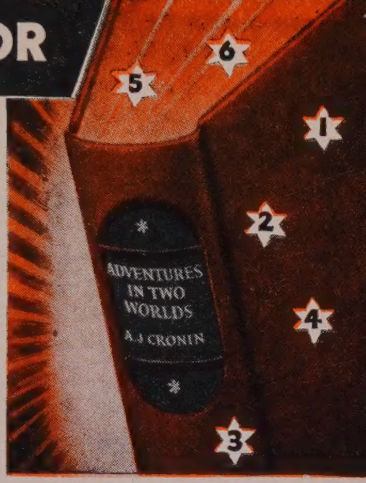

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The Dickens Fellowship

LONDON MEETINGS

Thurs. Mar. 26—"Bleak House," by Professor John Butt.

Tues. April 14—Annual General Meeting and a Dickensian "What's My Line?"

Sat. ,, 18—Ramble, "In and About Guildhall with Mr. Pickwick." Mr. W. A. Macgreggor. Meet: steps of Royal Exchange, 2-30 p.m.

Thurs. ,, 23—Dramatic Evening:
SCENES FROM PICKWICK
Arranged by MRS. JANE BACON.
IN AID OF THE LORD MAYOR'S FLOOD DISTRESS FUND.
Crosby Hall, Chelsea. Tickets: 5*s.* and 3*s.* 6*d.*
IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO ATTEND PLEASE SEND A DONATION TO THE FUND TO THE DICKENS HOUSE.

Thurs. May 14—Ramble, "In Pickwickian Mood." Mr. T. V. Brewer. Meet: Holborn Tube Station, 6-30 p.m.

Meetings, except where otherwise stated, at the Swedenborg Hall, 20/22 Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1., at 7 p.m. Doors open at 6-30 p.m.

Mr. Henry Charles Dickens
Life President of the Dickens Fellowship,
receives from Mrs. Laurence Cadbury, on behalf of
"NEWS CHRONICLE"
a cheque for £2,362 os. 6d.
thus completing the
Dickens House Endowment Fund
(Walter Dexter Memorial)

see opposite

News Chronicle photograph

THE DICKENSIAN

SPRING NUMBER

VOL. XLIX. MARCH 1953 No. 306

WHEN FOUND—

Dickens House Endowment Fund

An occasion for the happiest rejoicing was the presentation by Mrs. Laurence Cadbury, on behalf of the *News Chronicle*, of a cheque amounting to £2,362 0s. 6d. for the Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial). It took place on December 16th in the "Dingley Dell" kitchen at 48 Doughty Street, which was gaily bedecked with holly and mistletoe. The President, Sir Gerald Barry, introduced Mrs. Cadbury and Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, Life President, who received the cheque on behalf of the Trustees. The total was made up of £1,762 0s. 6d., which was the result of the Matinee given by Mr. Emlyn Williams at Drury Lane on October 30th, and £600 on account of the profits of *The Humour of Dickens*. Mrs. Cadbury, in a delightfully-spoken speech, expressed the pleasure it had afforded the *News Chronicle* to aid the Dickens Fellowship, in its Jubilee Year, to complete this Fund. Mr. Dickens, accepting the cheque, thanked her and the generous donors whom she represented, and asked her to accept, as a souvenir of the occasion, a specially bound copy of *The Humour of Dickens*. The company included Mr. L. J. Cadbury, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Cruikshank, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Waters, Miss Margaret Dexter, representing her mother, Mrs. Walter Dexter, who was unfortunately indisposed, Miss Monica Dickens, and her husband, Commander Stratton. Indisposition also prevented the attendance of Mrs. Emlyn Williams, who was to have represented her husband, then visiting the British forces in Germany. The ceremony concluded with a bowl of punch, in which the *News Chronicle* was toasted. Never was toast more richly deserved or more cordially honoured.

* * * * *

The target reached

The presentation brings the Endowment Fund to well over the target of £10,000 which had been set for the Jubilee Year of the Fellowship, and is the culmination of seven years of patient endeavour. Purchased, equipped, and maintained by the Fellowship the Dickens House is now, for the first time, adequately endowed, a situation that would have delighted the heart of Walter Dexter, who worked so tirelessly for its prosperity for so many years, and in whose memory the Endowment Fund was instituted immediately after his death in 1944. Mr. E. J. Mitchell, Hon. Treasurer, expresses his thanks to the Branches who have responded to his Appeal. On page 94 will be found set forth the contributions of the Branches. They bear no uniform relation to the numerical strength of

the branches concerned. Some very small branches have made very large contributions in proportion to their size.

* * * * *

For foreign visitors The many visitors to the Dickens House who are unacquainted with English, are now aided by an introduction to its history and its treasures that is now available in four languages, each mounted on a conveniently handled board. This innovation, is the idea of Mr. T. S. Lascelles, who generously bore the cost.

* * * * *

Festival play The winning dramatic adaptation from Dickens in the Festival Year Competition instituted by the Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society, *The Blue Cockade,* by Eric Jones Evans, is to receive its first production at St. Albans Hall, Bristol on April 24th and 25th.

* * * * *

Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh's Recital Once again at Christmas, this time at the ancient Crosby Hall, Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh gave a recital from his great-grandfather's works in aid of the Dickens House Endowment Fund. His programme included the Trial from *Pickwick,* " Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," and a sequence from *A Tale of Two Cities.* A large audience, quite filling the Hall, accorded him an enthusiastic ovation. The Fund benefited by £87 8*s.* 8*d.*

* * * * *

Notable sale News has belatedly reached us of a highly important sale that took place at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York early last year, when many items from the library of Mr. Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., were sold. The MS of " On an amateur beat," from *The Uncommercial Traveller,* fetched $800. Dickens's own " Reading copy " of *The Cricket on the Hearth,* with extensive emendations in his own hand, realised $3,700 and the presentation copy of the first edition of that book, inscribed to Macready, brought $3,800.

* * * * *

Gold Beaters' sign There was recently sold in Caladh, Argyleshire, the Gold Beaters' sign referred to by Dickens in *A Tale of Two Cities.* It takes the form of an upraised arm bearing a hammer, and was removed from its original position in Manette Street, formerly Rose Street, in 1906. A gold beaters' stone from the same premises is at the Dickens House, the gift of Mr. Gilbert Foyle, whose book-selling business now occupies the site.

* * * * *

An appeal The Fellowship's dramatic production in London this season, " Scenes from Pickwick," to be produced by Mrs. Jane Bacon at Crosby Hall, Chelsea, on April 23rd, is to be given in aid of the Lord Mayor of London's National Flood and Tempest Distress Fund. If you are unable to attend will you please send a donation to the Fund to the Dickens House. A donation added to the cost of the seats you order would be warmly welcomed. LESLIE C. STAPLES.

CHARLES DICKENS— A FULL-SCALE BIOGRAPHY

THE need for a revaluation of the life and work of Charles Dickens has long been felt. There has been no lack in recent years of biographers willing to attempt a task which has been at once facilitated and rendered more arduous by the publication of such essential source materials as Dickens's letters to his wife and (in the Nonesuch edition) those to Maria Beadnell, Thomas Beard, and a host of others. Since J. W. T. Ley produced his valuable annotated edition of Forster's indispensable storehouse in 1928, the work of interpreting and integrating this mass of documentary evidence has continued almost without interruption; but the abundance of new data, previously unknown or accessible only to the few, has constituted a challenge which the boldest have hesitated to take up. Differences of opinion about Dickens and his writings have abated nothing of their acuity while the need remained for a sound critical biography, combining a balanced and authoritative account of his life and personality with an objective assessment of his place in literature, and making full use of new manuscript sources as well as all that was already known.

"A biography, especially of so prominent and important a person as Dickens, should have certain essentials," wrote Mr. T. W. Hill in *The Dickensian* two years ago. "It should be accurate in its facts; its deductions must be evident, logical and convincing. It should be fully documented. It should have a complete and detailed index for easy reference. Finally, the book should be sympathetic and unbiassed without losing a sense of discrimination." Judged by these standards, the work of Dickens's latest biographer, Professor Edgar Johnson, Chairman of the English Department at the City College of New York, must be pronounced the most complete, the most authoritative and, on the whole, the most satisfying life of Dickens since Forster. The fruits of Mr. Johnson's studies, extending over many years and based on careful research and mature reflection, are now offered to the public in two stout volumes of 1,158 pages, exclusive of illustrations, notes, charts and index.*

Charles Dickens, His Tragedy and Triumph, is divided into ten parts; each of from five to nine chapters, with 100 illustrations, as many pages of notes, nine genealogical tables, a comprehensive bibliography and a full and carefully compiled index. Unlike some of its predecessors, it leaves nothing to be desired in point of scholarly presentation, thorough documentation, typographical excellence and attractive binding. If the author's temerity in adding another to the many existing biographies needed further justification, it would suffice to mention his claim to have had the benefit of access to more than 3,000 hitherto unpublished letters and memoranda in the Pierpont Morgan Library, the New York Public Library, and other public and private collections. The strictly biographical chapters are buttressed by an imposing

* *Charles Dickens, His Tragedy and Triumph,* by Edgar Johnson. New York: Simon & Schuster, 2 vols. ($10).

array of authorities, printed and in manuscript, all of which are listed in the bibliography. Mindful, however, of the fact that, in the case of Dickens more than perhaps any other great writer, the author's creations are intimately and inseparably bound up with his own life story, Professor Johnson has had the happy idea of dovetailing into his narrative at appropriate intervals a number of chapters devoted to critical estimates of each of Dickens's major works. His constant endeavour, as stated in the preface, has been " to integrate literary interpretation and life interpretation, to make the critical discussion of Dickens's work illumine his personality and the portrayal of his character clarify his literary achievement," and in this he has admirably succeeded.

Not content with giving us a full-length portrait of the man, he has enriched and enlivened his canvas with a wealth of illuminating detail and shrewd commentary which helps us to form a juster appreciation of Dickens's character and achievement than was possible heretofore. He has faithfully delineated the shadows as well as the high-lights of that pulsating career, and if he seems at times over-indulgent to some of Dickens's weaknesses as a man and faults as a writer, that impression is offset by many pages of judicious analysis and penetrating criticism. Here and there the picture may be thought a little highly coloured, as when, describing William Hall's visit to Furnival's Inn with the offer of a commission to write *Pickwick*, Mr. Johnson tells us that " as Dickens took in the brisk, bird-like figure of his visitor, he broke into a shout of recognition." While such an assumption may add piquancy to the story, it is not borne out by Dickens's own account of the interview—the only authentic one we have. One of the most attractive features of the book is the skilful way in which the author imparts to it something of a Boswellian flavour by making Dickens tell his own story in great measure, but the great quantity of material at his disposal has proved almost an embarrassment. The method so effectively used by Forster of quoting freely from Dickens's letters is apt to become disconcerting when so many short excerpts are interlarded with condensed versions of what Dickens wrote and with the author's own running commentary.

In Dickens's triumphal progress from poverty and neglect to the topmost pinnacle of fame, tragedy was continually breaking in or hovering menacingly in the background. The happy-go-lucky improvidence of the elder Dickens landed him in a debtors' prison. Mrs. Dickens struggled vainly to keep the home going even at the sacrifice of her son's education and prospects in life. Charles's humiliating experience in the blacking warehouse, the heartache of his unrequited passion for Maria Beadnell, his quarrels with one after another of his publishers and with some of his closest friends, the " dismal failure " of his marriage and final separation from the wife who had borne him ten children, his clandestine intimacy with Ellen Ternan, the failure of most of his sons to make good—these were some of the slings and arrows of fortune which embittered him and clouded his later years. They might have crushed a man of less resilience and with less

determination to override all obstacles. As it is, they serve to throw into bolder relief the triumphs of his early successes as a reporter and journalist, the phenomenal vogue of *Pickwick, Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*, the tribute paid to his genius by the élite of Edinburgh in conferring on him the freedom of that city before he was 30, the avidity of the public for novel after novel, his tumultuous reception in America, his brilliant speeches and appearances as an amateur actor, the homage of countless admirers in every walk of life, from the Queen to the humblest of her subjects, and the readings which drew throngs of spellbound auditors and brought him rich reward, while they sapped his astonishing vitality and hastened his end.

The flux and reflux, the eddies and undercurrents of Dickens's course through life are narrated with fidelity and understanding by Professor Johnson, and the story he tells is as absorbing as one of Dickens's own novels. Indeed, as he points out, "Dickens was himself a Dickens character, bursting with an inordinate and fantastic vitality. The world in which his spirit dwelt was identical with the world of his novels, brilliant in hue, violent in movement, crammed with people all furiously alive and with places as alive as the people . . . He found his own intimates as funny as Mr. Micawber, Mr. Toots, and Flora Finching, and felt their joys and sorrows as deeply as he did those of the characters in his fictions. His adventures and misadventures were as hilarious or painful as those of Mr. Pickwick or David Copperfield or Pip . . . In the profusion of his creativity, in his prodigal exuberance, he poured out through his thousands of letters a wealth of psychological observation and comic episode, a depth of feeling and a vividness of language that might have enriched a dozen more novels."

There are passages in his book which suggest that the antithesis of his title has tempted the author to stress unduly the dramatic elements in a character which was dramatic enough in itself. It is a little difficult to picture Dickens as a tragic figure bowed down with the weight of his troubles, frustrated, miserable, crushed. However bitterly dejected he may have been at times, his natural buoyancy, his boundless self-confidence, his zest for life and, above all, his creative genius never failed to restore his equilibrium. Dickens was no introvert. With a man of his highly-strung temperament there is perhaps a danger of over-emphasising his passionate outbursts, of reading too much into what he wrote in the heat of the moment to intimate friends.

Those who look for sensational revelations in these pages will be disappointed. The private life of a prominent public character cannot be entirely disregarded by a conscientious biographer, and the misguided attempts of some to throw a veil of secrecy over facts essential to an understanding of Dickens's motives and actions have had the inevitable result of bringing all the skeletons in the family cupboard into the full glare of publicity. This is especially true of his relations with women. Professor Johnson has perforce incorporated into his narrative such evidence as might help his readers to form their own judgment of the influence on Dickens's character and conduct of Maria Beadnell,

the Hogarth sisters, Christiana Weller, Mary Boyle and Ellen Ternan; but at best that evidence can be only partial and incomplete. It is presented here with fairness, sympathy and discrimination. "If Dickens fell in love with Ellen Ternan," writes Mr. Johnson, "not in youth, but when he was 45 and after years of marriage, and if concern for the welfare of his children and the legal impossibility of divorce forced him to conceal the fact from the world, we need voice no puritan horror. Dickens's moral character, like his literary achievement, rests upon a much broader and grander foundation."

It is in those sections of his biography where he discusses the mind and purpose of the novelist as revealed in his writings that Professor Johnson's critical acumen, sound judgment, and gift of lucid exposition are most impressively displayed. He maintains that the unifying thread of Dickens's entire career was a critical analysis of modern society and its problems "hardly surpassed in grasp or scope either by his contemporaries or by any more recent novelist." This, to be sure, is no new thesis—it has been developed by Edwin Pugh, Walter W. Crotch, and T. A. Jackson, among others—but in the pages of this book it is handled with consummate skill and supported by quotation after quotation, not only from the novels and "miscellaneous papers" but also from the voluminous letters in which Dickens revealed his attitude to the world around him with unmistakable clarity and precision. "His very sympathy with life's thronging variety made him stern to whatever impoverished and destroyed. From the hypocritical Stiggins in *Pickwick* to the bullying Honeythunder in *Edwin Drood*, he abominated those who sought to reduce it to a dispirited gray or to subordinate others to their own desire for power. He hated the gloomy and ferocious self-righteousness of the Murdstones. He derided the woolly-mindedness of Mrs. Jellyby, neglecting the poor of London's slums and even her own family while she worried about the natives of Borioboola-Gha, and detested the domineering presumption of Mrs. Pardiggle, pushing her way into the cottages of the poor with useless and arrogant advice. He saw England plundered by Boodle and Coodle, controlled by the landed aristocracy of Sir Leicester Dedlock, the selfish commercialism of Mr. Dombey, the industrial greed of Mr. Bounderby, and the slippery financial machinations of Mr. Merdle; and helplessly obstructed by the Circumlocution Office, while Mr. Gradgrind sifted the ashes of the national dust-heap and formulated the dogmas of political economy . . .

"Not primarily a systematic thinker, but a man of feeling, intuitive and emotional, Dickens had nevertheless a sharp intelligence which pierced through the complexities of the social scene to a comprehension of its shocking realities that was essentially true. His instinctive sympathy with the fruitful and creative enabled him to see how the generous potentialities of human nature were crippled, and he felt his way step by step to a realisation of the forces that blighted men's health and happiness. As a young reporter, he watched the landowners resisting to the last ditch the abolition of the rotten boroughs. As a mature man he saw the slum landlords rack-renting their tenants and breeding

the cholera by their determination not to spend a penny on sanitary improvement, observed the factory owners mutilating their workers with unfenced machinery, heard them screaming that they would be ruined by a ten-hour day and a living wage. He could put two and two together, and he did. By the time he had reached the middle of his career he understood capitalist industrialism at least as well as most nineteenth-century political economists.

" He understood it with unwavering hostility. Every book he produced was not only a celebration of the true wealth of life, it was an attack on the forces of cruelty and selfishness. His heart seized the sword of a sharp and witty logic that slashed contemptuously through innumerable varieties of logical humbug and rationalist special pleading. He had no patience with statistical abstractions and economic theories that ignored the welfare of flesh-and-blood human beings, or with metaphysical systems remote from the hopes and fears of the human heart . . . It was not an abstract humanity constructed in his mind that Dickens loved, but men, women and children, with all their frailties and absurdities. His hatreds sprang full-armed out of that love."

In certain of Professor Johnson's appreciations there is a tendency to accept too readily the published opinions of earlier writers without qualification. Not all his readers will share, for example, his implied agreement with Shaw's characteristically impish dictum that " *Little Dorrit* is a more seditious book than *Das Kapital*," and that " all over Europe men and women are in prison for pamphlets and speeches which are to *Little Dorrit* as red pepper to dynamite." Shaw was equally at fault in assuming that Barnacle and Stiltstalking were far too conceited to recognise their own portraits. One of the most significant phases in the history of Dickens's evolution as a social critic is the rising tide of protest which began to manifest itself soon after the publication of *Bleak House*, the first of the novels which clearly set out to satirise a whole society. Whatever may have been the author's intention, his story of the Merdle swindle is much more an attack on society for its corrupt and insatiable greed of gold, for its inefficiency, its gullibility, its toadying selfishness and idle aimless way of living than " a revolutionary unmasking of finance capitalism." It is surely a moral judgment rather than a frontal assault on all that we understand by finance capitalism, and it is precisely this aspect of Dickens's social and political philosophy which saves it from being dangerous. The moral of *Little Dorrit* was much the same as that of a part of *Martin Chuzzlewit*—that it is better to put one's money in sound investments such as gilt-edged securities or Russian railway bonds (where Dickens had his own) than to risk it in speculative enterprises like the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company.

Those who wish to follow the fortunes of Charles Dickens in all their kaleidoscopic diversity and glowing intensity cannot do better than read Professor Johnson's volumes from beginning to end. The figure which emerges from them is that of a man who, in Wilkie Collins's phrase, " could do nothing by halves "—a man of quick and generous impulses, high and steadfast purpose, restless energy and unflinching courage, acutely sensitive to praise

or criticism, impatient of opposition, a benevolent despot in his own home but imbued with a noble tolerance and sympathy for human suffering wherever he found it. "Dickens liked and disliked people," writes Mr. Johnson; "he was never merely indifferent. He loved and laughed and derided and despised and hated; he never patronised or sniffed. He could be desperately unhappy; he was never only bored. He had no fastidious shrinkings, no snobberies, no dogmatic rejections. These are the qualities that gave his world such intensity."

Professor Johnson has avoided most of the mistakes of his predecessors and has done good service in rectifying not a few of them. It is, however, difficult to understand why he sometimes cites Dame Pope-Hennessy and others as secondary authorities in addition to the primary source, as though this somehow gave more weight to his conclusions. A few "faults escaped" in this first printing may be noted. Dickens's schoolmaster, William Giles, was not an Oxford graduate, although he may have attended certain courses at the university. Dickens's short term of service with Molloy, the solicitor, was after his engagement with Ellis & Blackmore, and his fellow-clerk in the latter's office was not Thomas but Charles Potter. The Fitzroy Street address of the Dickens family was at No. 15, not 13. The writer of the letter from Cork to Dickens's mother in August 1840 was his uncle, Matthew Lamert. In the genealogical charts the date of Letitia's death should be 1893 and of Frederick's marriage 1848. One of the very few misprints which have crept in makes David Copperfield write of the changes which were "wrung" upon dots.

Whether this notable biography will prove to be the definitive life of Dickens or not—the claim has been made for at least one before it—one may predict with confidence that it is unlikely to be superseded for a long time to come. It is devoutly to be wished that another and cheaper edition of this monument of American scholarship may soon be available to English readers. Professor Johnson has earned the gratitude of all serious students of Dickens by his masterly study of one whose power to move millions to laughter or tears is unsurpassed in the whole range of English literature.

W. J. Carlton.

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WILKIE COLLINS AND THE DICKENSIANS

By Robert P. Ashley*

NOT only was Wilkie Collins for many years Charles Dickens's closest friend, but he was also the only Victorian novelist to influence Dickens's art and the only Victorian novelist whom Dickens accepted as a collaborator. For these three "crimes" Collins won the undying animosity of a certain group of Dickens idolaters. From Dickens's death to the present day, these militant Dickensians lost no opportunity to bewail the Dickens-Collins relationship and to belittle Collins's achievement as a novelist. Since the Dickensians were, at least until recently, the prime source of information about Collins, the result of their animosity was the low critical repute Collins enjoyed for thirty years after his death. Thus Dickens was both bane and boon to Collins: undoubtedly Dickens's friendship aided Collins immeasurably as a rising young novelist, yet the very fact of this friendship deprived him of the posthumous recognition that was his due.

The fountain-head of anti-Collinsianism was, of course, Forster. In Forster's biography of Dickens the antipathy toward Collins is covert rather than overt. Forster had the good sense and the good taste to avoid explicit criticism of Collins, but he referred to him no oftener than was absolutely necessary, certainly not often enough to give anywhere near a true picture of the personal and professional intimacy between the two novelists. Yet what Forster wrote publicly was not what he felt and said privately. Unless a passage in Percy Fitzgerald's *Memories of Charles Dickens* is an isolated instance, Forster and other disgruntled Dickensians made their dislike of Collins a favorite conversational topic. In preparation for his reading tour of the United States and Canada, Collins read his story *A Terribly Strange Bed* during a variety matinee at the Olympic Theatre on June 28th, 1873. Fitzgerald, who went "from mere curiosity," gives this sneering description of Collins's performance[6]

> I arrived at the door just as a very stout, elderly [Collins was forty-nine] gentleman, *qui fait du ventre*, was getting out of a cab. He came on in due course, but a most singularly inefficient performance it was. He had little or no voice, and scarcely attempted to raise it. He seemed to think that the word "*bed*stead" was full of tragic meaning, and we heard again this "*bedstead*" repeated till it became almost comic. It seemed like an elderly gentleman at his club "boring" his neighbour with a long story of something "he had seen in the papers." He was destitute of every qualification for his task. I remember reporting the scene to my friend Forster, who was amused and laughed his rhinoceros laugh. As might be anticipated, the enterprise was not a success. But all the same, people went to see him.[1]

It seems probable from this passage that the two Dickensians relished any opportunity to laugh at Collins's discomfiture. Actually, according to other witnesses, Collins's performance was

* Of U.S. Military Academy, West Point, and author of *Wilkie Collins*. London, 1952.

far from a failure. The actor Frank Archer wrote, " He lacked the physique and varied gifts for a public reader, but what he did I thought was earnest and impressive."[2] Furthermore, *The Times* remarked:

> . . . the great event of the occasion was the appearance of . . . Mr. Wilkie Collins in the character of a " reader " . . . Mr. Collins does not *act* to so great an extent as the late Mr. Dickens, but . . . he is fully equal to the delineation of character, and his narration, quietly delivered, riveted the attention of the audience. His success was complete.[3]

Unlike Forster's, Fitzgerald's writings, such as the one quoted above, made no secret of their author's distaste for Collins. Although Fitzgerald grudgingly admitted that Collins was " perhaps of all his followers the most useful and valuable to Dickens,"[4] it is obvious that Dickens's personal and professional regard for Collins was gall and wormwood to Fitzgerald. On the subject of the Dickens-Collins collaboration in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, Fitzgerald writes:

> It was hard to relish their collaboration in the Christmas Numbers and " The Lazy Tour,"[5] where the contrast of styles became really an injury to Dickens, Collins's being so forced and pretentious, while Boz had to fit himself as best he could to his friend's transpontine manner . . . There can be no doubt that the combination was most injurious.
>
> Dickens . . . did not see how damaging was this intimate co-operation, how uninteresting a spectacle it was to the reader. We would have some columns of Boz's light-hearted sketches of roadside travel succeeded abruptly by some of his partner's gloomy stories in the usual ponderous, self-important manner. This " Lazy Tour " seemed to be pieced together in a clumsy fashion, the slices of material being alternated. It is not difficult to see that Collins was allowed to regulate matters, owing to his own and Dickens's faith in his " powers of construction."[6]

There is hardly an item of truth in this diatribe. Far from being a damaging co-operation, *The Lazy Tour* is a rather happy effort in collaboration, as an objective reading of the piece will indicate. This is not to say that Dickens could not have done better by himself; since he was a much greater writer, he undoubtedly could. But it is to suggest that the vehemence of Fitzgerald's language in describing a relatively successful collaboration is uncalled for and decidedly unfair to Collins.

Not content with disparaging the collaborations of the two novelists, Fitzgerald even went so far as to deny that Dickens really liked Collins; on the contrary, Dickens deliberately cultivated Collins as a useful and serviceable *Household Words* hack. The " formality " of Dickens's letters to Collins proved to Fitzgerald that

> . . . there was never a substantial bond of friendship between the two . . . The meaning of it all was, I think, that the wearied Dickens was glad to find someone of good reputation who could take some of the heavy work off his hands . . .

> I always think that Dickens's noble, unselfish, generous nature expended itself somewhat vainly on such a character, certainly not endowed with anything likely to respond to such affection. Not that I knew him sufficiently to judge him, but he had not the warm and rather romantic tone of feeling that Boz looked for.[7]

The somewhat naive admission that he did not know Collins well enough to judge him indicates clearly Fitzgerald's qualifications as an assessor of the relationship between the two writers. It is interesting to note that Fitzgerald's autobiography, published almost twenty years earlier than his *Memories of Charles Dickens*, paints an entirely different picture of Dickens's letters to Collins: "Some of the best passages that Dickens ever wrote will be found in his letters to Wilkie Collins . . . No doubt he wrote to Wilkie with more freedom and gaiety than to anyone else."[8] Perhaps the significant fact is that the more disparaging analysis appears in a biography of Dickens.

Fitzgerald not only decries the Dickens-Collins friendship and the Dickens-Collins collaboration, but he even attacks Collins at one of his least vulnerable points, *The Woman in White*. Of the novel which kept Thackeray up all night,[9] which Dickens considered "admirable,"[10] which Edward Fitzgerald thought "far beyond" anything Jane Austen ever wrote,[11] which Reade described as "a great book,"[12] which Mrs. Oliphant termed "a marvel of workmanship,"[13] and for which Gladstone cancelled a theatre engagement,[14] Fitzgerald says with painstaking condescension:

> I well remember how this elaborate work, which really made his reputation, was talked about, and what interest it excited, among ladies particularly. The author was a scrupulous, painstaking person, and laboured hard each week to produce his effects. How excellent too was the name! True, the critics laughed at the solemn tricks—the insistence on the perpetual "Statements" of Hartright and others, and the long-worded extracts from "the Housekeeper's Diary." Everybody in this strange book seemed to be keeping diaries and making statements, or writing papers of some sort. But "it served." He was particularly proud of his Count Fosco, who was a mere "twopence coloured" figure, talking a strange *lingo* devised by the author, unlike anything known abroad. However, as I say, "it served."[15]

Together with Swinburne, Fitzgerald manufactured the legend that Collins in the 'seventies and 'eighties was a pitiful figure laboriously and painfully grinding out trashy novels which nobody bothered to read.[16] Writes Fitzgerald with ill-concealed relish: "Later it was sad to see how Collins's popularity fell off. His own special style, that of *The Woman in White*, was quite exhausted, and he was issuing feeble replicas which brought him, I suspect, but little."[17] Out of a mass of evidence that gives the lie to Fitzgerald, only two items need be cited: (1) Collins's own statement to Wybert Reeve, "My new novel [*The Evil Genius*, 1886] . . . has given me the largest sum I have ever received for any of

my works before "[18]] and (2) the poll taken by the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the 'eighties, which showed Collins to be the most popular living novelist.[19] But the Fitzgerald-Swinburne legend has persisted to the present day so that even Collins's admirers shed sympatheric tears over the deserted and forgotten author dying in heartbroken obscurity.[20]

The torch of anti-Collinsianism, passed from Forster to Fitzgerald, was next held high by J. W. T. Ley, who inherited Forster's mantle as the official Dickens biographer. Like Fitzgerald, Ley confesses himself incapable of understanding exactly what Dickens saw in Collins. Like Fitzgerald, he fails to find in Dickens's letters to Collins any evidence of the spontaneity to be found in the letters to other friends. Like Fitzgerald, he gnashes his teeth over the Dickens-Collins collaborations, especially *The Lazy Tour*, and tears his hair over the near-ruination of Dickens's art by the impertinent Wilkie.

Early in his chapter on Collins in *The Dickens Circle*, Ley admits his inability " to account for the affection in which he [Collins] was held by Dickens. We are . . . forced to believe that there was more in the man than any writer has revealed, yet all my reading has failed to make me believe that there was that *lovableness* about him that there was about the other members of the inner circle . . ."[21] Ley must have consulted all the wrong sources; otherwise he would have found abundant evidence of Collins's lovableness. Everyone who knew Collins, even Percy Fitzgerald, remarked on his geniality, humor, kindness, and companionability. Mary Anderson thought him " one of the cheeriest spirits " she had ever known and could recall " nothing but the sweetest memories of his little bent figure with its great kind heart."[22] According to the novelist James Payn, " No gentler or more kindly hearted man . . . ever held a pen . . ."[23] and Watts-Dunton wrote of him, " He was the sweetest-tempered literary man I have ever met."[24] To Reade he was " dear old Wilkie Collins "[25] and to Augustin Daly he was " dear gentle Wilkie Collins."[26] These are but a few of the many tributes paid to Collins by those who knew him intimately.

In Ley's opinion, " the Wilkie Collins influence . . . has always seemed to me the most unfortunate happening in Dickens's life."[27] Ley continues:

> What was Collins's influence ? It drove Dickens along what I shall always hold must ever have proved a no thoroughfare for him. It drove him to a mere laboriousness; it tended to suppress all his spontaneity . . . Thenceforth we find Dickens more or less obsessed with the wholly mistaken notion that his day was done unless he could adapt himself to the " modern school "—created in effect by Collins himself—and give the world intricately conceived and skilfully unravelled mysteries. This amounted to a prostitution of his genius . . .[28]

This appraisal is now suspect. Modern scholarship is placing an an increasingly high valuation on Dickens's later work—*Bleak House, Little Dorrit* and *Our Mutual Friend*—novels which some official Dickensians have dismissed as a typical and consequently

unworthy of the master. But Hesketh Pearson considers *Little Dorrit* "the maturest expression" of Dickens's genius.[29] T. S. Eliot, in words rather damaging to Ley's thesis, prefers *Bleak House*: "Dickens's 'best novel' is probably *Bleak House* . . . *Bleak House* is the novel in which Dickens most closely approaches Collins . . ."[30] There is a growing tendency to regard Collins's influence as beneficial because it gave Dickens new method and new material when the old method and the old material had begun to fail him. Even if this is not true, it is certainly true that the Collins influence was not the catastrophe so lamented by Ley.

What accounts for the Dickensians' attitude toward Collins? In Forster's case it was undoubtedly jealousy. Within a year or two after he met Dickens, Collins supplanted Forster as Dickens's most intimate friend. The reason is clear: Collins was high-spirited, easy-tempered, amenable; Forster was stuffy, irritable, domineering. Forster was an excellent adviser, but Collins was a born holiday companion—the ideal partner for amateur theatricals, for trips to the Continent and to Northern England, for Paris gaieties and for midnight prowls about the streets of London. Collins was a gourmet, a Bohemian, a fast liver, and a salty talker; he fancied himself a cosmopolitan and professed a contempt for everything English. These were just the qualities to appeal to Dickens in his growing mood of rebellion from the qualities personified by both Forster and Mrs. Dickens. So, temporarily at least, Forster receded into the background. For this he never forgave Collins and, although the latter generously dedicated *Armadale* to Forster, Forster achieved a mean kind of revenge by slighting Collins in the biography of Dickens.

With Fitzgerald the motivation is less simple. It could have been jealousy: as a young contributor to *Household Words*, he may have envied Collins his position as the third ranking member of the staff; as an older man, when he endeavored to canonise himself as the world's champion Dickens lover and as the favorite of Dickens's later days, the figure of Collins stood embarrassingly in the way. Furthermore, Fitzgerald was Forster's protégé; he was decidedly under Forster's influence and absorbed many of his opinions, notably the violent antipathy toward Collins. Forster was the high priest of the Dickensian cult; his attitudes were shared by the older acolytes such as Fitzgerald, and inherited by the younger acolytes such as Ley.

Fitzgerald worshipped Dickens; Dickens was his hero, his master, his god. Later in his life, especially after he became the first President of the Dickens Fellowship, this worship amounted to a fetish. With Ley, the Honorary General Secretary of the Fellowship, this fetish became a profession. In the cult of Dickensianism, Collins was a disturbing element; he seems almost to have become the Lucifer, the villain of the piece, the tempter who led Dickens astray. One thing is clear: however much Collins admired and liked Dickens, however much he learned from him and owed to him, he never sat at the master's feet, never worshipped at the shrine. On the contrary by raising Collins to the status of collaborator and by emulating him in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* and other novels, Dickens admitted Collins to a

position of equality. That Collins accepted this position of equality was, for the Dickensians, his besetting sin. The fact that Collins seems to have influenced Dickens as much as Dickens influenced Collins made the younger novelist, in the eyes of the Dickensians, guilty of a kind of heresy. For them Collins spoiled the picture; in a sense he tarnished the brightness of the god. They would have much preferred to conceive of their god as above and beyond mortal influence. Since they obviously could not take this tack, they were forced to take the tack that any influence was of necessity bad influence. Hence the belligerent denunciation of Collins and the anguished bemoaning the baleful effects of the Dickens-Collins relationship.

Until comparatively recent times, at least until Eliot's essay in the 'twenties, the version of Forster, Fitzgerald, and Ley has been the authorised version. Seldom has a Dickens biographer given Collins his due. Either the Forster approach is taken and Collins is scarcely mentioned, or the Fitzgerald-Ley approach is taken and Collins is roundly denounced. But the pendulum is now beginning to swing back. Not only has Collins been placed in proper perspective by such admirers as T. S. Eliot, Dorothy Sayers, Walter de la Mare, Alexander Woollcott, and Kenneth Robinson, but he has even been treated fairly and judiciously by the most widely read of recent Dickens biographers, Hesketh Pearson. At the present time Collins's place in English fiction seems well established. Unlike his detractors, he has not ridden to fame on the coat-tails of Charles Dickens, but has earned his reputation by virtue of talents which Dickens himself envied.

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SHAVINGS FROM DICKENS'S WORKSHOP

Unpublished Fragments from the Novels

II. DOMBEY & SON

(*continued from page* 43).

Education at Blimbers

[Miss Blimber, being firm with Paul, instructs him to perfect himself in "subject A, before you turn at all to subject B." Ch. XII.]

"I am sorry to say, Dombey, that your education appears to have been very much neglected."

"So papa says," returned Paul; "but I told you—I have been a weak child. Florence knows I have. So does Wickam."

"Who is Wickam?" asked Miss Blimber.

"She has been my nurse," Paul answered.

"I must beg you not to mention Wickam to me, then," said Miss Blimber, "I couldn't allow it."

"You asked me who she was," said Paul.

"Very well," returned Miss Blimber; "but this is all very different from being anything of that sort, Dombey, and I couldn't think of permitting it. As to having been weak, you must begin to be strong."

The Blimbers according to Nipper

[Florence has some difficulty in persuading Susan that she really needs some books for which she has asked. Susan mutters, "If it was to fling at Mrs. Pipchin's head, I'd buy a cart-load." Ch. XII.]

"Paul has a great deal too much to do, Susan," said Florence, "I am sure of it."

"And well you may be, Miss," returned her maid, "and make your mind quite easy that the willing dear is worked and worked away. If those is Latin legs," exclaimed Miss Nipper, with strong feeling—in allusion to Paul's; give me English ones."

"I am afraid he feels lonely and lost at Doctor Blimber's, Susan," pursued Florence, turning away her face.

"Ah," said Miss Nipper, with great sharpness. "Oh, them Blimbers!"

"Don't blame anyone," said Florence. "It's a mistake."

"I say nothing about blame, Miss," cried Miss Nipper, "for I know that you object, but I *may* wish, Miss, that the family was set to work to make new roads, and that Miss Blimber went in front and had the pickaxe."

After this speech, Miss Nipper who was perfectly serious, wiped her eyes.

Enter Carker the Manager

["'How do you do, Carker?' said Mr. Dombey"— Ch. XIII.]

"Coolish!" observed Carker, stirring the fire.

"Rather," said Mr. Dombey.

"Any news of the young gentleman who is so important to us all?" asked Carker, with his whole regiment of teeth on parade.

"Yes—not direct news—I hear he's very well," said Mr. Dombey, who had come from Bright[on] over night. But no one knew it.

"Very well, and becoming a great scholar, no doubt?" observed the Manager.

"I hope so," returned Mr. Dombey.

"Egad!" said Mr. Carker, shaking his head. "Time flies!"

"I think so, sometimes," returned Mr. Dombey, glancing at his newspaper.

"Oh! You! You have no reason to think so," observed Carker. "One who sits on such an elevation as yours, and can sit there unmoved, in all seasons—hasn't much reason to know anything about the flight of time. It's men like myself, who are low down and are not superior in superior circumstances, and who inherit new masters in the course of Time, that have cause to look about us. I shall have a rising sun to worship, soon."

"Time enough, time enough, Carker!" said Mr. Dombey.

Carker's Sensitiveness

[Walter is haughtily dismissed, and Dombey angrily puts into his pocket the letter that Walter had handed to him, "without breaking the seal"— Ch. XIII.]

"These continued references to Mr. Carker the Junior," Mr. Carker the Manager began, as soon as they were alone, "are, to a man of my position, uttered before one in yours, so unspeakably distressing—"

"Nonsense, Carker," Mr. Dombey interrupted. "You are too sensitive."

"I *am* sensitive," he returned. "If one in your position could by any possibility imagine yourself in my place: which you cannot: you would be so too."

As Mr. Dombey's thoughts were evidently pursuing some other subject, his discreet ally broke off here, and stood with his teeth ready to present to him, when he should look up.

Walter champions Carker the Junior

[Walter witnesses a distressing scene between Carker and his brother, and speaks out, thinking, " I have felt it; and why should I not avow it on behalf of this unfriended broken man ! " Ch. XIII.]

Mr. Carker looked at him as he spoke and when he had finished speaking, with a smile that seemed to divide his face into two parts.

" You are an excitable youth, Gay," he said; " and should endeavour to cool down a little now, for it would be unwise to encourage feverish predispositions. Be as cool as you can, Gay. Be as cool as you can. You might have asked Mr. John Carker himself (if you have not done so) whether he claims to be, or is, an object of such strong interest."

" James, do me justice," said his brother. " I have claimed nothing; and I claim nothing. Believe me, on my—"

" Honour ? " said his brother, with another smile, as he warmed himself before the fire.

" On my life, my fallen life ! " returned the other, in the same low voice, but with a deeper stress upon his words than he had yet seemed capable of giving them. " Believe me, I have held myself aloof, and kept alone. This has been unsought by me. I have avoided him and every one."

Dombey and the Major discuss Miss Tox

[" ' Old Joe, Sir,' said the Major, ' was a bit of a favourite in that quarter once. But Joe has had his day. J. Bagstock is extinguished—outrivalled—floored, Sir.' " Ch. XX.]

" I should have supposed," Mr. Dombey replied, " that the lady's day for favourites was over: but perhaps you are jesting, Major ?"

" Perhaps *you* are jesting, Dombey ? " was the Major's rejoinder.

There never was a more unlikely possibility. It was so clearly expressed in Mr. Dombey's face, that the Major apologised.

" I beg your pardon," he said, " I see you are in earnest."

A Mystery

[The Major, finding Mr. Dombey disposed to listen to him, " came out for his entertainment." Ch. XX.]

But still the Major, blunt and tough as he was, and as he so very often said he was, administered some palatable catering to his companion's appetite. He related, or rather suffered it to escape him, accidentally, and as one might say, grudgingly and against his will, how there was great curiosity and excitement at the club, in regard to his friend Dombey. How he was suffocated with questions, Sir. How old Joe Bagstock was a greater man than ever, on the strength of Dombey. How they said, " Bagstock, your friend Dombey now, what is the view *he* takes of such and such a question ?[" "]Though by the Rood, Sir," said the Major,

with a broad stare, " how they discovered that J.B. ever came to know you, is a mystery ! "

Cleopatra's Weakness

[Mrs. Skewton asks, "And what do we live for *but* sympathy ! " If that was denied us, " how could we possibly bear it ? " Ch. XXI.]

" We might cross our hands upon our frocks, and say with those wicked Turks, ' There is no What's-his-name but Thingummy, and What-you-may-call—it is his prophet.' "

Edith slightly raised her eyelids.

" Names again, my dearest," said her mother. " You know my weakness."

The Dombey Wedding

[Mrs. Miff, and Mr. Sownes the Beadle, group the party in their proper places at the altar rails. Ch. XXXI.]

The sun is shining down upon the golden letters of the Ten Commandments. Why does the Bride's eye read them one by one ? Which one of all the ten appears plainest to her in the glare of light ? False gods; murder; the honour that she owes her mother—which is it that appears to leave the wall, and print itself in glowing letters on her book ?

Edith grants an Audience

[Carker having gained an audience with Edith, kisses her hand and withdraws. The chapter was to have ended with: Ch. XLV.]

Edith saw no one that night, but locked her door, and kept herself alone. She did not weep; she shewed no greater agitation outwardly than when she was riding home. She laid as proud a head upon her pillow as she had borne in her carriage; and her prayer ran thus:

" May this man be a liar ! For if he has spoken the truth, she is lost to me, and I have no hope left ! "

This man, meanwhile, went home musing to bed, thinking, with a dainty pleasure, how imperious her passion was, how she had sat before him in her beauty, with the dark eyes that had never turned away but once; how the down had fluttered; how the bird's feathers had been strewn upon the ground.

The Effect of Edith's Flight

[The sensation of the flight is eagerly discussed at the Counting House. Mrs. Perch, the messenger's wife, fears that her husband expects " to find her gone off with some Viscount." Ch. LI.]

" which," as she observes to an intimate female friend, " is what these wretches in the form of woman have to answer for, Mrs. P. It ain't the harm they do themselves, so much as what they reflect upon us, Ma'am; and I see it in Perch's eye."

A DICKENS LETTER
A COPY OR A FORGERY?

By Humphry House

TWO separate MSS have recently turned up, from different sources, of a note in the third person from Charles Dickens to Mr. Percy Boyd, dated 18 March 1847. This note was not printed in the "Nonesuch" edition of the Letters, and, so far as I know, has not been published anywhere else.

MS "A".

This MS was bought from Walter T. Spencer, 27 New Oxford Street, by Count de Suzannet, who presented it in 1950 to the Collection at the Dickens House, without having examined it himself. I had, however, examined it before it went to the Dickens House, and have seen it since.

This is on a single sheet of azure paper, watermarked both with the date "1846" and with lines at intervals of fifteenth-sixteenths of an inch. The sheet is folded once to form four pages, each $7 \times 4\frac{5}{16}$ ins., all edges gilt: page 1 bears no stationer's embossed stamp. The MS is complete on page 1, written in blue ink with a fairly thick pen which has formed a number of blind loops and blind letters.

The MS is folded again in four to fit the envelope which accompanies it. The envelope ($3\frac{15}{16} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ ins.) is azure, of the same paper, addressed "Percy Boyd Esquire/ 30 South Frederick Street/ Dublin." in the same ink as the text of the letter. It is post-marked on the front 19 Mar 1847, and on the back 20 Mar 1847; it is sealed at the back with red wax impressed with Dickens's crest.

MS "B".

This was described as a Dickens autograph letter in Sotheby's Catalogue for the sale of 14 and 15 July 1952 (Item 366, with letters of other persons in one lot). The purchaser of the lot was Mr. Arthur Rogers of 4 Eldon Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

This MS is on a single sheet of white paper watermarked "JOYNSON/ 1846" and folded to form four pages, each $6\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ ins., no edges gilt: page 1 bears, top left, a small embossed uncoloured stamp—Prince of Wales's feathers above the name "DOBBS" in a circle of $\frac{3}{8}$ in. diameter. The rust mark of a wire paper clip shows on page 1 only, top left: page 4 has wide remains of gum as if the MS has at some time been laid down.

The MS is complete on page 1 identical in wording, lineation and capitalisation with MS "A", but there are very slight variations in spacing, which seem to rule out the possibility of a trace. This MS is in a brown ink, and written with a rather thinner pen: but, even so, many of its blind loops correspond with those of MS "A". It also has been folded again in four, but is not accompanied by an envelope.

Through the kindness of Mr. Rogers and the Trustees of the Dickens House I have been able to lay the two MSS side by side.

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Percy Bysshe, and begs to thank him with sincere cordiality, for his most obliging and welcome note, and the flattering tribute sent with it.

Mr. Percy Bysshe will excuse Mr. Dickens of any negligence (he hopes) in replying to so esteemed a favor, when he mentions that he has been abroad for nearly a year, and is only just now returned to England, and has immense arrears of correspondence.

Mr. Dickens begs to reciprocate Mr. Bysshe's kind wishes, and to remain his obliged & faithful considerate

Devonshire Terrace, London

Eighteenth March 1847.

MS "A." Presented to the Dickens House by the late Count de Suzannet

Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Percy Boyd and begs to thank him with sincere cordiality for his most obliging and welcome note and the flattering tribute it contains.

Mr Percy Boyd will regret to hear Mr Dickens of any unpleasance if he hopes in replying to be excused a farce when he mentions that he has been abroad for nearly a year and is only just now returned to England, and has numerous arrears of correspondence.

Mr Dickens begs to reciprocate Mr Boyd's kind wishes, and to assure him of his friendly consideration

Devonshire Terrace London

Eighteenth March 1847

MS. "B." Presented to the Dickens House by Mr. Arthur Rogers of Newcastle on Tyne

I am convinced that MS "A" is an authentic autograph of Dickens and that MS "B" is a very able piece of imitative penmanship, made by somebody with the original before him (or else an excellent facsimile of it). It might well deceive anybody who had not compared the two versions. A number of the leading characteristics of Dickens's mature writing are admirably reproduced.

Apart from the strong presumptive evidence in favour of MS "A", because it is accompanied by its envelope, there are a number of other points in MS "B" which lead me to the confident belief that it is a copy. It seems worth recording some of these points, as a warning against other possible Dickens documents from the same hand. To make the following notes intelligible they are accompanied by a photograph facsimile of the two MSS side by side, with MS "A" on the right.

Use of Commas.

Abnormally full and careful use of commas is a marked feature of Dickens's punctuation, especially to divide co-ordinate clauses of a sentence (even before "and"), and to mark off adverbial phrases within a sentence. MS "A" uses four such commas characteristically in the first sentence, all of which are omitted in MS "B". MS "A" also has commas in ll.8 and 10 which do not occur in "B".

Dotting of "i".

Dickens rarely omits to dot his "i"s, even though the dot may often be displaced by several letters (see "immense" in MS "A" l.12). In MS "B" there are twelve "i"s undotted in the first sentence alone, all of which are dotted in MS "A". The same oddity recurs later in MS "B".

Crossing of small "t".

Dickens's practice was slightly erratic: the commonest occasions on which he omitted to cross "t" were with the initial "t" of insignificant words such as "the" and "to," and with initial "th". This feature appears properly in MS "B" ll.2 and 4. But Dickens did not commonly omit to cross internal and final "t" (though there is an internal uncrossed example in MS "A" l.17), and he usually, though not always, crossed it with a firm, *thick*, independent stroke, thinning and sometimes falling to the right-hand end. MS "B" omits to cross three internal "t"s in ll.4, 6, 11; two of these are certainly crossed in MS "A" and that in l.6 ("with") seems to have been crossed, the ink not taking properly. But the most important point is that nearly all the crossings of internal and final "t"s in MS "B" are uncharacteristic of Dickens's penmanship—see especially all the "t"s in l.5, most notably at the end of "sent" and "it". At these points MS "A" is altogether characteristic.

Letter Formations.

(*i*) A very marked feature of Dickens's developed hand was the unusual treatment of the final letters "ty" and "ly"; he did

not attempt to form the final " y " as an independent letter, but continued the downstroke of the preceding letter to form the " y "s tail and then turned it sharply up at an acute angle, well below the line, to suggest the ligature of a fully-formed " y ". The long downstroke in his hand is slanting, straight and continuous, with no hesitancy or wavering such as would hint at the formation of an independent letter. In these MSS there are instances in l.3 (" cordiality "), l.10 (" nearly " and " only "), l.15 (" friendly "). MS " B " shows, in three out of these four instances, an obvious hesitancy, wavering or crookedness in the long downstroke, hinting at the formation of the body of the " y "; whereas MS "A" shows no such thing. In the fourth instance (" only " in l.10), MS " B " comes nearest the authentic form, but even there the long downstroke is not quite confidently continuous.

(*ii*) Initial small " w " in Dickens's hand was sometimes imperfectly formed, but there was usually a slight hint of the middle part of the letter. With " welcome " in l.4, MS " B " omits the very slight hint which appears as a double blob in MS "A".

(*iii*) Internal " g " in Dickens's hand commonly has no ligature to the following letter. MS " B " sometimes shows this well, but elsewhere (e.g. " negligence " in l.7) shows most uncharacteristic and unlikely forms.

(*iv*) I have never seen an initial capital " L " formed by Dickens as is that in " London " in MS " B," l.17.

(*v*) MS " B " misplaces or misforms the opening stroke of initial small " h " in a number of places. Dickens himself was not consistent, but I am convinced that MS "A" shows the authentic variants. The least probable " h " forms in MS " B " are the adjacent open and blind loops in l.7 (" he hopes ").

In my view these points clinch the already strong probability that MS "A" is the original and " B " a copy. The use of paper with a watermark of the right date suggests that " B " is a deliberate forgery rather than a feat of penmanship undertaken for amusement. The only other attempts I have hitherto seen at forging Dickens's letters in MS have been too clumsy to take in anybody even slightly acquainted with his writing: but this one has had quite a distinguished career in 1952 alone. I know nothing of its earlier history.

[The forged letter has been presented to the Dickens House for preservation with the original, by Mr. Rogers.—EDITOR.]

THE NEW OXFORD DICKENS

This admirable edition which now includes eleven of the novels, has recently added *Great Expectations* to its list (10*s.* 6*d.*). The introduction is by Frederick Page, and a notable feature is the reprinting, from Forster, of the original conclusion of the novel, as an appendix. Marcus Stone's unsatisfactory illustrations have been replaced, at the suggestion of the present writer, in favour of F. W. Pailthorpe's delightful but little known etchings, which, as far as I know, have not appeared since they were first issued in a portfolio in 1885.

L.C.S.

AN INTRODUCTION TO DICKENS

By T. W. Hill

PROFESSOR WAGENKNECHT'S love of Dickens and his writings has impelled him to produce for those who do not know the great author, *An Introduction to Dickens* (Scott, Foresman & Company, Chicago and New York). It consists of a selection intended to shew something of the man and his methods and also " an idea of his development as a writer of fiction." There is much also for those with whom Dickens is an established favourite, as the selection of the extracts is very significant, and, as the mature choice of so accomplished a scholar as Professor Wagenknecht cannot fail to excite much thought. Short articles are printed in their entirety and there are generous extracts from six of Dickens's long novels; all the passages quoted present complete units of action and are therefore eminently readable.

It may come as a surprise to ardent Dickens lovers to notice that no extracts are given from some of their favourite books. There is nothing from *Oliver Twist, The Old Curiosity Shop, Barnaby Rudge, Dombey and Son, A Tale of Two Cities* or *Our Mutual Friend,* and only one of the Christmas Books is used—*The Chimes*—but that is reproduced complete. Professor Wagenknecht's reasons for his selection are fully given in his series of introductions and connecting essays, and will command respect as well as admiration for the erudition and wide sympathy that might be expected from the Professor of English at Boston University. The succession of the quotations (which is of course chronological) shews Dickens's progress from the recording observation of " The Streets—Morning," " The Streets—Night," and the straightforward narrative of " Mr. Minns and his Cousin," all from *Sketches by Boz,* through the period of attacks on social problems, and the growing power of plot construction to the final phases of close study of character in the last essay, *George Silverman's Explanation.*

Professor Wagenknecht's method of dealing with *Bleak House* is characteristic of the pains he has taken with the whole book. He considers that *Bleak House* " represents in some ways the height of Dickens's achievement with a really pervasive plot." All the characters from the most humble to the most distinguished are caught up in the great Chancery suit; " such unity in diversity had Dickens never known before." And he extracts from the wealth of details the complete story of Lady Dedlock related in a very carefully chosen succession of passages.

Nicholas Nickleby is represented by the description of Dotheboys Hall, *David Copperfield* by the early experiences of the boy, and *Little Dorrit* by the Circumlocution Office and the Debtors' Prison.

Great Expectations, Professor Wagenknecht considers to be, allowing for all reservations, " surely Dickens's most nearly perfect book," and its reproduction in full (it occupies 420 pages) is the justification of " An Introduction to Dickens." His preliminary remarks are full of acute criticism, and he thinks that " far too much has been made of Pip's snobbishness, and it is

high time that somebody should say something about Pip's good behaviour," which he then deals with at length and with great cogency and insight. In parenthesis, the present writer would like to add that if anyone comes to him and says: "I want to read some Dickens, where shall I begin?" the reply is always: "Read *Great Expectations* and then come to me again."

Professor Wagenknecht has something wise to say about the two historical novels. In *A Tale of Two Cities* Dickens solved the difficulty of an historical romance by "taking up the historic background action into the plot and using only so much of it as is needed to motivate the plot," an expedient in which he had signally failed in *Barnaby Rudge.*

Among the shorter selections, lovers of Dickens will be pleased to see *A Child's Dream of a Star,* and very welcome is *In Memoriam, W. M. Thackeray,* with a pithy comment and its descriptions as "one of his (Dickens's) tenderest and manliest pieces." No Introduction would be entirely complete without some reference to the search by recent biographers for sensational details in Dickens's life, and the way they have used unverified statements about the great author's relations with Ellen Ternan. Professor Wagenknecht briefly summarises the whole story, and sums up with studied moderation thus: "Anyone who in the present state of knowledge (1952) presents it as an established fact that Ellen Ternan was the mistress of Charles Dickens is guilty of an offence against both scholarship and morality." Wise words indeed.

An Introduction to Dickens should be assured of a wide popularity among those who know Dickens and also those who wish to know him.

PICKWICK ON THE SCREEN

ALTHOUGH several attempts to make a film out of Dickens's early masterpiece occurred while films were still "silent," not until now has appeared the first articulate version, the work of Renown Studios. It is an enjoyable film, and unless you are one of those people who cannot in any circumstances endure to see the famous characters enacted, you must certainly see it. And yet, how much better it should have been, indeed, could easily have been, with the resources at the command of its sponsors.

The first mistake was the abortive effort to provide the film with a plot, the absence of which is a prime characteristic of the original. The one that has been supplied cannot have the least interest or value for those cinema-goers who have not read the book, a considerable part of which it completely falsifies. In the process, relationships between characters are frequently invented that render them utterly unlike those Dickens created. For instance, in acquiring the functions of Mr. Magnus, Mr. Justice Stareleigh becomes someone not in the least resembling that judicial personage.

Nor can Mr. Noel Langley claim greater success as a director than Mr. Noel Langley the "script" writer. His cast, which reads like a "Who's Who," of contemporary stage and screen,

performs each in a style that best appeals to them, so that there is no effect of one's being conveyed to any one realm, real or fictional. Two hours are entertainingly spent recognising old friends, and turning one's thumbs up or down as each proceeds to hit or miss the bull's eye.

Of the hits, Mr. Pickwick himself takes pride of place. He could not have been entrusted to better hands than those of James Hayter. James Donald gives a good account of Winkle, but it is in the wrong key—some help from the make-up department would have assisted. Alfred Jingle, the pivot of the newly-invented "plot," was in the capable hands of Nigel Patrick. It was a good performance, but like Mr. Donald's Winkle, was too realistic. The director has in most cases failed to realise that these characters are all a trifle larger than life.

The principle failure was the Sam Weller, who was entirely inadequate, while there were two examples of gross miscasting, Kathleen Harrison's Rachael Wardle, and Sam Coster's Job Trotter.

After Mr. Hayter's ripe Mr. Pickwick, the best performance in the film is the Sergeant Buzfuz of Donald Wolfit, despite the fact that he was permitted to wander all over the court during the famous speech. After that it is possibly a question of taste, but it seemed to me that Athene Seyler was at her brilliant best as Miss Witherfield, and although they remained characteristically themselves, it was amusing to watch Joyce Grenfell's Mrs. Leo Hunter, and Hermione Gingold's Miss Tomkins.

The settings frequently followed Phiz admirably. Many were delightful, but the charming eighteenth century street chosen to represent Goswell Street, could hardly have been more unlike the original. The constant bustle of the travel scenes in the book might have been more extensively interpreted—we had only one coaching scene. But the scenes in the Fleet were badly over-emphasised. Replete with chained and pilloried prisoners, even a gallows with gibbet and noose, the set might now be reused for Newgate, or even Bedlam, in the time of Hogarth.

But for Mr. Wolfit's fine performance already mentioned, the trial would have completely disappointed. On the bench sat a judge no reader of *Pickwick* would recognise, and Sam Weller was not called—but perhaps that was as well.

The most successful sequences are those revolving round the ball and the duel at Rochester, the eventful journey to Dingley Dell, and Mr. Pickwick's nocturnal adventure in Miss Witherfield's room at the inn.

Frequently delightful, sometimes exasperating, the film rarely ceases to be provocative, but the real *Pickwick* film awaits the director with as much feeling for Dickens's early comedy as that for the author's later style brought to *Great Expectations* by David Lean.

Some explanation is due to members of the Dickens Fellowship of the producers' statement in their publicity that the Fellowship was consulted in the preparation of the film. The script was submitted for comment which was frankly offered, but no very apparent modifications followed. L.C.S.

STAGE APPEARANCES OF *COPPERFIELD*

By Malcolm Morley

IT may be said that next to *Oliver Twist* and *The Cricket on the Hearth* the most dramatised of all the Dickens's novels is *David Copperfield*. Since its publication in monthly numbers the story has been continually adapted and re-adapted for the theatre. The first of these numbers appeared in May 1849 and before the total of twenty had been issued, the Strand Theatre came out with a three act drama on the subject entitled *Born with a Caul; or, The Personal Adventures of David Copperfield*. It was given on Monday, October 21st, 1850, the maker of the play being George Almar, the same Almar who eleven years previously had concocted a version of *Oliver Twist* for the Surrey. The Strand, where so many adaptations from Dickens had been seen, was now under the management of George Bolton, a worthy whose theatrical ventures always came to a sudden end. He once held sway at Drury Lane and lasted there for six days. At the Strand his tenancy was somewhat longer. Opening with high hopes in September of 1850, Bolton reigned at the establishment until the following November.

Born with a Caul seems to have been a loosely contrived affair, each act concluding with a dance by the company. The interest was largely centred upon Steerforth and Emily, the former not being drowned, as in the novel, but rescued from the sea and united in matrimony to the girl he had taken from her home. Steerforth was played by Basil Potter and Emily by Miss Love. A character completely unknown to Dickens was introduced into the play, an avenging angel sort of individual, named Hurricane Flash whose mission was the killing of David's stepfather, the objectionable Murdstone. The part was heavily underlined, both in the writing and the acting, George Almar, himself, labouring in the rôle. Wilkins Micawber was portrayed by H. J. Turner, so long associated with the Strand, and Dan'l Peggotty by vigorous James Johnstone (not to be confused with his contemporary John Beer Johnstone, the melodramatist). William Attwood doubled the characters of Uriah Heep and the troll-like Miss Mowcher. The Almar version of the novel, though only seen at the Strand for a short time, was acted at both the Standard and the Queen's on November 18th by the stock companies resident at those theatres.

On November 13th, 1850, appeared the second dramatisation of Dickens's work. It was given at the Surrey Theatre and entitled *David Copperfield the Younger of Blunderstone Rookery*. No adapter was named but the piece was probably the contrivance of H. Rivers. Definitely an improvement upon the Almar work, the drama at the Surrey only endured for ten performances. One critic spoke of it as "a series of tableaux in which the novel was symbolised rather than represented." Some of the characters were over-stressed by the actors. Henry Widdicombe, an exuberant comedian, combined Miss Mowcher with Micawber and unashamedly played for all the laughs he could get—by fair or unfair means. The sisters Coveney, Jane and Harriett, were Agnes

and Emily respectively while Bruce Norton was the Uriah Heep. A young actor, Thomas Mead, with a rich and sonorous voice was cast for Daniel Peggotty. He was later to be associated for a number of years with Henry Irving at the Lyceum, always in old men parts.

After the short run at the Surrey, *David Copperfield* went into the limbo as far as the London stage was concerned. Neither did provincial centres pay much heed to the dramatic possibilities of the latest of the master's stories. A *David Copperfield* play is recorded at York on January 6th, 1851, but for the most part the subject was ignored in the country.

On the other side of the Atlantic the first accredited adaptation was on November 6th, 1850, at Barnum's Museum in Philadelphia. The establishment, itself, was an offshoot of the better known Barnum's Museum in New York, a theatre in all but name. Puritans of those days, and there were many, wishing to see a play, raised no objection to visiting a Museum, for that purpose, whereas a theatre would be anathema to them. Phineas T. Barnum was a showman with ideas. One of them was a building where a few stuffed animals and birds were displayed and where, incidentally, a full-sized dramatic performance was given as an extra. The Philadelphia *Copperfield* shown in this zoological frippery has been attributed to John Brougham and was probably something in the nature of a try-out. In the cast were Baker as Micawber and Miss Fisher as David.

The next city in America to give *David Copperfield* was Boston. Three weeks later, on November 27th, a version by Mrs. H. M. Stevens was staged at the Howard Atheneum. Micawber was played by John Gilbert, a local actor who had been seen in the city some years previously as Squeers. On the following December 30th, an adaptation by Dr. W. K. Northall was produced at Burton's Theatre in New York. This *David Copperfield* had a cast of first-rate players. Handsome George Jordan was seen as David, young Lester Wallack as Steerforth, T. B. Johnston as Uriah Heep, William Rufus Blake as Daniel, and Mrs. Henry, a one-time reigning beauty and toast of the town, as Mrs. Gummidge. W. E. Burton naturally selected for himself Micawber, a character well suited to his expansive style.

In opposition to Northall's *David Copperfield* came the inevitable adaptation by John Brougham. Burton, under whose banner Brougham had served and been responsible for the very successful *Dombey and Son*, was now bereft of his associate and, wishing to put the new Dickens story on the stage, had assigned the task of dramatisation to another. Brougham, after leaving Burton, had set up in management for himself adding a brand new playhouse to the number in New York, calling it Brougham's Lyceum. Here, on January 6th, 1851, was produced his own adaptation of *David Copperfield*. And directly competing with Burton, he appeared in the same rôle in which the latter was gaining the praise of playgoers. Two Micawbers were in the New York field. It was Brougham versus Burton; both on trial as Wilkins Micawber and both giving a good account of that confident and unpractical gentleman. The most marked difference in their performances

was a matter of accent. One was Irish and the other Cockney. Burton continued to play Micawber in America until he retired eight years later; Brougham was seen in the part at frequent intervals for over twenty years. The Irish actor triumphed with *Copperfield* as he did with *Dombey*. This hale and hearty man of the theatre was a prolific play-maker who found material for his dramas in contemporary novels and in the Boulevard theatres of Paris. He made free use of Dickens and Thackeray always avowing his indebtedness to them. He also tinkered with stories by lesser writers and was not above claiming the results as his own original work.

At Brougham's Lyceum, Uriah Heep was played by John E. Owens (incidentally at his best as Caleb Plummer enacted by him at a later date), Daniel Peggotty by H. Lynne and Emily by Mrs. G. Loder. The same evening as the Lyceum production, January 6th, 1851, was staged at the Bowery Theatre an anonymous adaptation of *David Copperfield*, making the third in New York. It registered an instant failure, only lasting a week. Prominent among the players were J. R. Scott, a declamatory Daniel, and Augustus Fenno, an indifferent Micawber.

When Brougham's Lyceum opened for a new season on August 2nd, 1851, there was an introductory item described as a local operatical colloquiality and labelled "What shall we do for something New?" It was made up of snatches, mostly in burlesque form, of recent hits. The mixture had a Dickens flavouring with Lynne as Mr. Dombey and Brougham as the Ghost of Wilkins Micawber, still waiting for something to turn up.

On May 21st, 1866, New York saw another *David Copperfield* in the version arranged by George Fawcett Rowe and produced at the Olympic. The adapter played Micawber and among the *dramatis personae* were J. B. Studley as Daniel, J. H. Stoddart as Uriah and Eliza Newton as Mrs. Micawber. Rowe, who was said to be Micawber to the life, was an Australian actor. From the Antipodes he had migrated to the United States. Later he went to England and there repeated his much applauded performance of the character but in a completely different dramatisation.

The brand new version in which G. F. Rowe made his debut at the Olympic Theatre in London, on October 9th, 1869, was a four-act drama named *Little Em'ly*, the work of Andrew Halliday. It was the first of his four capital Dickens adaptations and one of the best of all the plays taken from the novelist. Dickens expressed his great satisfaction with the production and was unstinted in his congratulations to Halliday who, be it remembered, had been appointed by him to the staff of *All the Year Round*, to which journal Halliday contributed numerous essays later to be collected under the titles of "Every-day Papers," "Sunnyside Papers" and "Town and Country." Miss Ernstone, too, gained praise from Dickens. He was particularly complimentary about her performance of Martha and on several occasions was to speak of the pleasure it had given him. The Daniel of Samuel Emery had a rugged pathos dominating the scenes in which he figured and the studied characterisation of Uriah by Joseph Irving was extremely effective. Joseph, unrelated to the more famous

Henry, was an actor of great promise, unfortunately to die young. Others of the players at the Olympic, where the play ran for 160 performances, were Charles Warner as Steerforth, John Nelson as Ham, H. Vaughan as David, Fanny Addison as Rosa Dartle and Patti Josephs as Little Em'ly. The Halliday adaptation dealt almost entirely with the history of Emily. In the first act came her flight with Steerforth. The second act, proudly advertising a " View of Canterbury by Night," reached its climax in the determination of Martha Endell to find the girl. Poor Emily's repentance, and the wreck where Ham and Steerforth lose their lives, occupied the third. The last act showed Daniel Peggotty and his errant foster-daughter reunited and planning to embark with the Micawber family for Australia. Wilkins is enjoying the bush in anticipation.

A dramatisation by G. Murray named *Lost Emily* produced at the Prince of Wales's, Birmingham, June 30th, 1870, caused Halliday considerable concern. He feared that this might be an infringement of his own play and he asked T. Edgar Pemberton (author of *Dickens and the Stage*) to see the piece and make comparisons. The indignant Halliday wrote of " the person who had taken the theatre from Mr. Rodgers " that " the impudent way in which he announces the piece sufficiently indicates his character. He wishes the public to believe that it is the Olympic version." However, nothing could be done about *Lost Emily*. It only remained for *Little Em'ly* to come to Birmingham a few months later where it played to excellent business with the wandering Rowe as Micawber and Joseph Eldred as Daniel Peggotty.

Little Em'ly, after being shown in the provinces, was revived at the Olympic on March 13th, 1873. Samuel Emery was back at the theatre for honest old Peggotty but most of the players were changed. Em'ly was taken by Marie Dalton, Uriah by Arthur Wood whilst Micawber was assigned to Joseph Eldred, who had played Peggotty on tour. Eldred, a rare character in his private life, achieved an amount of notoriety for his marvellous cuffs, an inordinate display of the whitest linen accentuated by the short sleeves of his coat.

The play, again with Emery as Peggotty, came to the Adelphi on October 30th, 1875, where it ran until the following Christmas. James Fernandez was new to Micawber, John Clarke to Uriah and Lydia Foote to Em'ly. Another revival was given at the Olympic on March 27th, 1880. Gwynne Williams appeared as Little Em'ly, E. W. Boyce as the hypocritical Heep, and Edward Terry, not at his best, as Micawber.

In view of the great popularity of the adaptation it was inevitable that it would go to America. The first performance of *Little Em'ly* in New York was at Niblo's Garden on December 20th, 1869, with Iona Burke in the title rôle, G. C. Boniface as Micawber and L. R. Sherwell as Daniel. A revival of the drama took place at Booth's Theatre on December 28th, 1874, when G. F. Rowe, having returned to the States, was at hand for Micawber. Maude Grainger was seen as Em'ly and F. B. Warde as Peggotty. The Halliday version virtually replaced all others in American theatres and was played up and down the Continent for a number

of years. It became a starring vehicle for Rowe whose portrait of Micawber lost nothing with time.

Back in Britain the success of *Little Em'ly* had started a vogue for her history on the stage. The chapters in the novel relating to the Emily-Steerforth story furnished the substance of a number of plays more or less patterned upon the Halliday plan. Tears were shed in the suburbs and throughout the provinces for the girl, an established heroine of domestic drama. Her tale of woe was adapted and re-adapted, sometimes re-re-adapted for the stage, under a series of titles mostly having reference to her plight. To list them chronologically, there was *The Ark on the Sands* by Charles R. Rennell at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, on September 19th, 1870, and *David Copperfield*, announced as an American version (though apparently not that of Northall, of Brougham or of Rowe) at the Grecian Theatre in the City Road on October 3rd of the same year, with G. H. MacDermott, the lion comique to be, as the old boatman. A week later, on October 10th, came *Poor Em'ly* by Brandon Ellis at the Theatre Royal, Southampton. The following November 28th, the Victoria (to-day familiarly termed the Old Vic) put on *Little Em'ly*, the Halliday play, with the scenery of the original production from the Olympic, a fact that was allowed the greatest prominence on the playbill by the manager, J. Arnold Cave.

In succession were produced *Poor Lost Em'ly; or, The Wreck of the Rosa* by Walter Stephens at the Theatre Royal, Uxbridge, on December 5th, 1870, and *Little Em'ly's Trials* by E. H. Brooke at Sadlers Wells on March 4th, 1871. Murray Wood, responsible for several Dickens dramas next brought his version *Lost Em'ly* to the Surrey on March 8th, 1873, with Virginia Blackwood (Mrs. Murray Wood) in the stellar rôle. *Em'ly*, unadorned by any descriptive adjective, appeared on April 30th, 1877, at the Albion, a short-lived playhouse, in the East End of London. The drama was the work of George Hamilton, an actor of repute in gory melodrama.

No matter the number of new versions, Halliday's adaptation held theatrical honours for some thirty years. When revived at the Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, on March 1st, 1880, preliminary to a provincial tour, Charles Collette played Wilkins Micawber. Attracted to the character of the incurable optimist, one he had already portrayed many times in the provinces, the actor made an arrangement of scenes in which that individual figured. The result was a one-act piece called *Micawber* with Collette in the name part at the Imperial Theatre, Westminster, on Whit-Monday, June 6th, 1881, where it was given with the famous old comedy of *Paul Pry* by Douglas Jerrold. *Little Em'ly* was played again in the London area at the Crystal Palace on November 7th, 1882. Micawber was impersonated by Arthur Wood, Em'ly by Kate Rorke, Martha by Winifred Emery (daughter of Samuel and the future wife of Cyril Maude) and Uriah Heep by Arthur Williams, a comedian who, in his time acted a vast number of Dickens characters.

Plays on the subject continued. Another with the title of *Em'ly, or, The Ark on the Sands*, was given at the Queen's, Manchester, on March 10th, 1884, no adapter being named. An organisation

known as the Charles Dickens Drama Co. began a provincial tour at the Grand Theatre, Walsall, on September 26th, 1892, with a new version of *David Copperfield*, the script of which was probably provided by the director, George Hughes. Other pieces in the repertory of the Company were *Bleak House* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*. A few years later Wilson Barrett, a prominent actor-manager in his day, prepared a drama from the book with the intention of playing Ham himself. His death, however, occurred before the production could materialise.

It was not until the turn of the century that another version of the story was staged in the West End. *Em'ly*, by T. Gideon Warren and Ben Landeck, produced at the Adelphi on August 1st, 1903, had but a short run despite a very capable cast; Charles Cartwright as Daniel, Ben Webster (grandson of Benjamin Webster the erstwhile Lessee of the Adelphi) as Steerforth, Robb Harwood as Uriah, Harry Nicholls as Micawber, Madge Lessing as Em'ly and Nancy Price as Rosa Dartle.

Cartwright, a forceful if rather inflexible actor, supervised the Adelphi production and contributed not a little to the construction of the play. He did even more work on another adaptation and in it repeated his performance of the boatman. This was *Dan'l Peggotty*, attributed to H. Kellett Chambers, given at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, March 11th, 1907, and taken on tour. In management with Cartwright were A. B. Tapping and Charles Collette, the first of whom played the 'umble Uriah and the second his, by now, very familiar rôle of Micawber. Once more Collette manufactured a *Micawber* playlet for his own particular use out of the full length drama in which he appeared. From first to last, at irregular intervals, the actor played the hopeful Wilkins for a period of over thirty years. The character was second nature to him—on and off the stage. Metcalf Wood was responsible for *Wilkins Micawber*, yet another one-act version centering upon that colourful personality, the part being

Sir Herbert Tree as Dan'l

Courtesy of the Enthoven Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum

acted by Louis Calvert. It was given on November 27th, 1911, at the Empire Music Hall, the house that had a reputation in Leicester Square.

In line with the Emily series of adaptations was a new version by Frederick T. Harry produced for an isolated performance at the Cripplegate Institute on February 15th, 1909, under the used title of *Little Emily*. Harry as Peggotty gave one of his many effective impersonations from Dickens. Vera Granville, his wife, played Emily.

Louis Napoleon Parker provided the next dramatisation, a large scale one, of the novel. The English rights of his play were bought by Sir Herbert Tree while the American ditto were purchased by George Tyler. Tree prepared to give the work in London at His Majesty's Theatre and placed it in rehearsal. It was the summer of 1914. Strife was in the air and before production was reached the first World War had begun. The opening was held back and the Dickens drama gave way to a revival of Parker's *Drake* voicing stirring patriotism suitable to the occasion. The postponement by Tree permitted Tyler in America to make the first production of the new adaptation. Called *The Highway of Life* the piece was staged at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on October 26th, 1914, and failed ingloriously. Parker had crossed the Atlantic for the production and in his biography wrote of the occasion: "I wish I could skip the following weeks in New York. They were the unhappiest weeks of my theatrical career. Nothing but the loyalty of my company and Dorothy's undauntable courage prevented me from throwing up the sponge. That, and the faith I had in the play. I knew America still loved Dickens, and I knew my version of David Copperfield was pure Dickens. So I struggled on in the face of stupendous hindrances. An admirable English actor, who was rehearsing Dan'l Peggotty beautifully, had an unaccountable fit of nerves, and

Sir Herbert Tree as Micawber

Courtesy of the Enthoven Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum

had to retire, much to my regret. A local actor—a German with an Irish name—was thrust in his place, and tried to make himself intolerable. He succeeded; but need not have tried so hard; he was born so. We opened on October 26th, 1914, and at six o'clock that evening some of the scenery was still being painted in the yard behind the theatre. We had no lighting rehearsal, so the lights were full up all through the play. The stage hands, not having seen the scenery were helpless. The curtain was to have risen at eight. It rose at nine. At midnight I went home; leaving two acts to be played. Yet the next day's Press was excellent. The critics had seen, although only through a glass darkly, that the play was loyal to Dickens, and that the cast was remarkable. Lennox Pawle (Micawber), Vernon Steele (Steerforth), J. V. Bryant (David), Philip Tonge (Traddles), Leslie Ryecroft (Littimer), O. P. Heggie (Uriah), Edyth Latymer (Agnes), my Dorothy as little Em'ly, Emma Chambers (Clara), Eva Vincent (Betsey), Louie Emery (Mrs. Gummidge), and others—and others —all seemed to have stepped out of the book." Dorothy, be it noted, was Parker's daughter and the German actor with an Irish name was Emmett Corrigan.

Back in London, Parker was happier when his piece, reverting to the title of *David Copperfield* eventually opened at His Majesty's on December 24th, 1914, where it ran until the following April. The four acts of the drama contained twelve scenes and there were twenty-five speaking parts. Tree doubled the rôles of Peggotty and Micawber, the text being arranged to make this possible. The weakness of the arrangement lay in the attempt to give equal prominence to the affairs of the two characters. It proved a dissipation of riches. The company at His Majesty's, the most important theatre in the metropolis, devoted to serious drama at the time, was a strong one; Basil Gill as Steerforth, Frederick Ross as Ham, Owen Nares as David Copperfield, Charles Quartermaine as Uriah Heep, Nigel Playfair as Mr. Dick, Sydney Fairbrother as Mrs. Micawber, Mary Clare as Martha, Evelyn Millard as Agnes, Mary Brough as Clara and Jessie Winter as Little Emily—to mention a few of those who served.

The actor starred at the Lyceum was Bransby Williams when a version set down to Walter Frederick Evelyn was produced there on June 6th, 1923. Like Tree he doubled the characters of Peggotty and Micawber, a virtuoso performance by a virtuoso player. In support were Fred E. Derrick as Uriah Heep, Frederick Keen as Steerforth and Katherine Carlton as Em'ly. Actually the dramatisation was the work of Walter Dexter together with A. Evelyn Brookes-Cross and Frederick T. Harry, something from each of the names being used in the assigned authorship. The last mentioned of the three, it will be remembered, had previously supplied a *Little Em'ly* play, one, no doubt, that was laid under contribution for this new *David Copperfield*.

After the Lyceum no major adaptation was to appear for a number of years but extracts from various chapters in the book were arranged for performance by Ross Barrington and given in the George Inn at Southwark by the Tabard Players. The surroundings could not have been more appropriate. The last

dramatisation of Copperfield seen in London had the modern-sounding title of *Meet Mr. Micawber* and was completely unconcerned with the Little Em'ly episodes. Given at the Rudolf Steiner Hall on November 16th, 1945, the play was constructed by Edgar K. Bruce who, also played Micawber, the part he has voiced recently in the serialised radio arrangement of the story.

The novel of *David Copperfield* has certainly supplied stage and platform with varied entertainment of all shapes and sizes; from the monologue sketch *Uriah Heep*, in the extensive Dickens repertory of Bransby Williams, to the opera of *David and Dora* composed by Herman Guntz and produced in Australia in 1945. Plays, other than acknowledged dramatisations, have been based upon the story. There was *The Deal Boatman*, a serio-comic drama in two acts by F. C. Burnand at Drury Lane on September 21st, 1863. In this Jacob Vance was a copy of Daniel Peggotty and Mary Vance of Emily, the parts being acted by George Belmore and Rose Leclercq. Other Dickens characters were similarly duplicated in Burnand's drama.

B. W. Matz wrote of a curious work given at the Oliver Theatre, Lincoln, Nebraska, in January 1906. It was both a crib and a perversion of *Copperfield* and had for its title *What Women will Do*. The cast read according to Dickens, save that Ham was renamed Hiram and a Sheriff Dudley was listed, to say nothing of a Mrs. Peggotty. Perhaps she was a transmogrified Mrs. Gummidge and Daniel a bachelor no longer. The playbill seen by Matz described the piece as "a great scenic melodrama," as "a hailstorm of sensation" and "a cyclone of merriment." One of the scenes showed Emily's Apartment in Paris and specialities (songs, etc.) were introduced at a country dance. The author (*sic*) considerately did not claim the source of his inspiration as Dickens.

Foreign adaptations appeared in other countries. Amsterdam saw a Dutch version by Marius Spree, who acted Peggotty, on September 7th, 1910. At the Odeon, Paris, an adaptation in five acts by Max Maurey was staged on November 8th, 1911. The French play strayed beyond the bounds of *David Copperfield* wandering into the regions of *Oliver Twist*. One of the scenes showed Micawber coming to Fagin's Den in order to release little Oliver! The personal adventures of the Copperfield characters in the theatre have been many and mixed.

ERRATUM.—In Mr. Morley's article on *The Haunted Man* in the September number: on page 189, line 9, for 1868 read 1862.

Dickens in Dutch

Great success has already attended the enterprise of Uitgevrij Het Spectrum, a large publishing firm of Utrecht, in undertaking a complete edition of Dickens in the Dutch language. A new translation is being used, upon which many prominent Dutch men of letters have been engaged. By means of restricting the volumes to a pocket size, and binding them in stiff wrappers, a remarkably low price is possible. The longer novels are being issued each in two volumes, one of which appears at intervals of three weeks. The original illustrations are being used. The success already achieved is well deserved, and we cordially wish it still more.

NOTES ON *THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP*

By T. W. Hill

Introductory.—This story was first conceived by Dickens as "a tale of a few chapters," and in the fourth number of *Master Humphrey's Clock* the heading of the story is "Personal Adventures of Master Humphrey: The Old Curiosity Shop," without any chapter number. The second instalment did not appear for three weeks and is headed: "The Old Curiosity Shop: Chapter the Second," after which the possibilities of the theme gripped Dickens and it was expanded into the tale we know, running weekly in the periodical for over a year.

Forster writes: "I was responsible for the tragic ending. He had not thought of killing her [Nelly] when, about halfway through [this would be when Nelly had got her father away from Mrs. Jarley's Waxwork] I asked him to consider whether it did not necessarily belong even to his own conception, after taking so mere a child through such a tragedy of sorrow, to lift her also out of the commonplace of ordinary happy endings, so that the gentle, pure, little figure and form should never change to the fancy. All that I meant he seized at once and never turned aside from it again." The narrative shews that thereafter the plot developed gradually and naturally to its inevitable end.

Here is a curious parallel. In 1838 there was established in Germany a periodical printed in English called "The British Museum: A Choice Selection from the Works of the Most Celebrated English Authors": in 1841 it reproduced the first chapters of *The Old Curiosity Shop* under the impression that it was to be a short story: realising that this was not so, to satisfy its readers the extracts were continued and the instalments enlarged to the eventual exclusion of all other matter; there had to be a supplement to conclude the tale within the volume.

J. W. T. Ley's article in *The Dickensian*, 1931, has been of great assistance in the notes dealing with the songs familiar to Dick Swiveller.

NOTES

Chapter I

1. ST. MARTIN'S COURT. A turning in St. Martin's Lane: perhaps intended by Dickens for St. Martin's Lane.

2. THOSE BRIDGES . . . FREE OF TOLL. In 1840 when the story was written, there were only five bridges across the river within the London area, viz., London (1831), Westminster (1750), Blackfriars (1770), Waterloo (1817) and Southwark (1819); of these only three were free of toll, viz., London, Westminster and Blackfriars. The others, Southwark and Waterloo were not freed till later in the nineteenth century. All these bridges except London Bridge have been rebuilt since the publication of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, viz., Westminster in 1862, Blackfriars in 1869, Southwark in 1921 and Waterloo in 1945.

3. COVENT GARDEN MARKET. Originally the Convent Garden of the Abbot of Westminster, it became on the dissolution of the monasteries an open space containing gardens. The large square

was designed by Inigo Jones in 1630-31; later a few stalls were added and the market gradually developed till in 1831 the landlord the Duke of Bedford, erected the first market buildings and founded the Covent Garden that we know.

4. CLOCKS STRUCK ONE. Master Humphrey, like his creator Dickens, was fond of walking the streets at night; he "continued to pace the streets for two long hours."

Chapter 2

1. PIG WITH A STRAW IN ITS MOUTH. One of the many country sayings associated with weather lore. Others are: When the cows lie down the weather will be fine; when the cat sneezes it is a sign of rain.

2. SUN VERY STRONG IN HIS EYES. One of the numerous euphemisms for mild intoxication. In *Household Words*, vol. viii, there is a list of thirty-two slang expressions for this condition and nowadays this number could be considerably increased. (See also chap. 17, note 1, and chap. 62, note 1.)

3. HEART WAS IN THE HIGHLANDS. From the song by Robert Burns (1759-96):

> "My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
> My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer."

Burns borrowed the words from "The Strong Walls of Derry," the author of which is unknown. Scott uses the couplet as a motto to chapter 28 of "Waverley."

4. WANTED BUT HIS ARAB STEED. A passing reference to a poem (1828) by T. H. Bayly, set to music by G. A. Hobson:

> "Oh, give me but my Arab steed,
> My prince defends his right,
> And I will to the battle speed
> To guard him in the fight."

5. HUGGER-MUGGERING. Used here in its original meaning of secret, stealthy. In *Hamlet*, act iv, scene 5, the King, referring to Polonius's burial, says:

> "We have done but greenly
> In hugger-mugger to inter him."

Its later meaning of disorderly associates its use with "hidden," not fit to be seen, and therefore secret.

Chapter 4

1. 'CHANGE. That is the Royal Exchange. There have been three buildings on this site: the first Exchange was Gresham's, opened by Queen Elizabeth, destroyed in the Great Fire of London, 1666; its successor was burnt down in 1838, and the present building opened in 1844.

2. MEN IN GLAZED HATS AND ROUND JACKETS. These friends or clients of Quilp's were sea captains who used to affect straw hats glazed in black, and reefer double-breasted jackets. One of the last seafarers to adopt this style of costume was Fred Collins, owner of the pleasure-boat "Skylark" of Brighton (about 1880).

3. MRS. QUILP. The usual mode of address from husband to wife at that period. Mr. Dombey always addressed his wife as "Mrs. Dombey."

CHAPTER 5

1. PAIR OF LONG SWEEPS. Sweeps is the technical term for the extremely long oars used on barges for steering, not for propulsion.

2. STUMP OF ONE PEN. A worn-out quill pen which it is not possible to cut any further.

CHAPTER 7

1. BEGONE, DULL CARE. A seventeenth century ballad, the author and composer of which are unknown. It was a favourite with Dickens and is used with special effect in *Edwin Drood*.

2. DECEPTIVE PIECE OF FURNITURE. Such contrivances as concealed bedsteads are not unknown at the present time, although the "bookcase" is not so much in evidence.

3. THERE IS A PROVERB. The proverb referred is a Scottish one: "It's gude to be merrie and wise."

4. THERE'S THE RUB. An ingenious application of the same figurative use of "rub" as an impediment or difficulty as Shakespeare used it in *Hamlet*, act iii, scene 1:

"To sleep? perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub."

5. RICH OLD HUNKS. An old-fashioned term of contempt or abuse, possibly of Scandinavian origin.

6. SHE'S ALL MY FANCY. From the ballad "Alice Gray" (early nineteenth century), words by William Mee, music by Mrs. P. Millard:

"She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine;
But her heart it is another's
She never can be mine.
Yet lov'd I as man never lov'd
A love without decay
Oh, my heart, my heart is breaking
For the sake of Alice Gray."

CHAPTER 8

1. POTATO FROM ITS NATIVE ELEMENT. Dickens liked this quaint idea and uses it again in chapter xiii where Sampson Brass suggests that the lost key of the door may be "in its native keyhole." In *Pickwick Papers* (chapter 38) Bob Sawyer recommends that beer should be "served up in its native pewter."

2. MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE. This quotation is from a ballad "The Hermit" by Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74) that first appeared in "The Vicar of Wakefield" (1766). The sentiment is borrowed from "Night Thoughts" by Edward Young (1684-1765): "Man wants but little, nor that little long."

3. WHEN THE HEART OF A MAN. One of the songs in "The Beggar's Opera," by John Gay (1728):

"When the heart of a man is depress'd with cares
The mist is dispell'd if a woman appears."

It will be noted that Dick amended the original.

4. RED, RED ROSE THAT'S NEWLY SPRUNG. From Robert Burns's well-known song:

"O my luve is like a red red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luve is like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune."

5. MY BOAT IS ON THE SHORE. This is an adaptation of verses written by Lord Byron to Thomas Moore. Here is the original:

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee."

Dickens liked the sentiment and was fond of parodying the lines. He wrote to Macready in 1840 from Broadstairs:

"My foot is in the house,
My bath is in the sea,
And, before I take a souse,
Here's a single note to thee."

6. I BELIEVED YOU TRUE. A quotation, practically exact, from a Song in Moore's Juvenile Poems:

"Mary, I believ'd thee true
And I was blest in thus believing;
But know I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving;
Fare thee well."

CHAPTER 9

1. RUSH CANDLE. A candle in which the wick is the pith of a rush instead of the more usual cotton: a rush candle needs no snuffing.

2. YOUR ELDORADO. "The Land of Gold," a fabulous land said to be situated in South America near the head waters of the Orinoco. Identified by Sir Walter Raleigh as Guiana. Figuratively an inexhaustible mine of wealth.

CHAPTER 11

1. THE GRAND TURK. The usual name for the Sultan of Turkey (cf. Kemal *Ataturk* in 1939), generally pictured to English minds as smoking a hookah and enwreathed in smoke.

2. BEVIS MARKS. A turning out of St. Mary Axe in the City. The name is apparently a corruption of Bury's Marks as the Abbots of Bury St. Edmunds had property here. Dickens wrote to Forster in July, 1840: "I intended calling on you this morning on my way back from Bevis-Marks, whither I went to look at a house for Samson Brass."

CHAPTER 13

1. BEDLAMITE. A madman, an inmate of Bedlam, the Cockney corruption of Bethlehem Hospital.

2. LAW COURTS IN WESTMINSTER HALL. This refers to the additional buildings erected by Sir John Soane adjacent to Westminster Hall, and used as Courts of Justice till the Royal Courts of Justice were opened in the Strand, in 1882, when Soane's buildings were demolished.

3. IN A TRANQUIL COT IN A PLEASANT SPOT. A reference to a song "Come dwell with me," by George Alexander Lee, with words by Thomas Haynes Bayly, the first verse of which is as follows:

> Come dwell, come dwell with me
> And our home shall be, our home shall be
> A pleasant cot, in a tranquil spot,
> With a distant view of the changing sea.

4. THE GLORIOUS APOLLERS. This convivial society was named after the well-known glee, "Glorious Apollo," composed by Samuel Webbe (1740-1816). He wrote it in 1790 especially for The Glee Club and it was so acceptable that it was ordered to be sung at the opening of each meeting. The Glee Club lasted till 1857, and most of its meetings were held at the Freemasons' Tavern. In 1842 Thomas Hood used the Glorious Apollers as the peg on which to hang a squib about the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, for which there were two rival candidates. He called his verses "The University Feud: A Row at the Oxford Arms," and here are a few lines:

"Ah! many a pleasant chant I've heard in passing here along,
When Swiveller was President a-knocking down a song;
But Dick's resign'd the post, you see, and all them shouts and hollers
Is 'cause two other candidates, some sort of larnéd Scholars
Are squabbling to be Chairman of the Glorious Apollers."

And here is the solution of the difficulty that Hood suggests:

"I'd settle all the squabble in the twinkling of a needle,
For I'd have another candidate, and that's the Parish Beadle,
Who makes such lots of poetry, himself, or else by Proxy,
And no one never has no doubts about his orthodoxy;
Whereby—if folks was wise—instead of either of these Scholars
They'll lend their ears to reason, and take my advice as follers:
Namely—Bumble for the Chairman of the Glorious Apollers."

CHAPTER 14

1. CLUB-FOOT. This deformity of Mr. Garland which also afflicted his son Abel, is mentioned here and not again till chapter lxvi. This is contrary to Dickens's usual habit of repeating a peculiarity every time the particular character is mentioned.

2. HONEST MAN'S THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD. The poet alluded to is, of course, Alexander Pope (1688-1744) from whose "Essay on Man" the quotation is taken.

3. VANDYKED CORNERS. This should be vandyked edges. The wafer was round and the edges indented or scalloped after the fashion of the lace collars worn by so many of the subjects of the portraits by Sir Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641).

Chapter 16

1. WHAT ALL FLESH CAME TO. From the Scriptures: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." (Isaiah xi, 6.)

2. FLARING CANDLES ROUND A HOOP. A form of chandelier quite usual with travelling shows before the introduction of the naphtha lamp; this was superseded later by oil and now the illumination is provided by mobile gas or electric equipment.

3. PAN'S PIPES. A row of reeds tuned to the scale and fastened to the neck with a scarf in such a way that the player, who blows across the ends of the reeds can compass the whole scale by turning his head from side to side.

Chapter 17

1. MR. SLUM. It has been suggested by Wilfrid Partington that the original of Mr. Slum was Alexander Kemp, who had written for "Warren (30 Strand) above two hundred, all of different incident but all embracing the same hackneyed subject of eulogy, the unparalleled Blacking, for the remuneration of Two Shillings and Sixpence each." (The Private Letter Books of Sir Walter Scott, 1930.) See *The Dickensian*, 1938, p. 199.

2. MOISTENING HIS CLAY. Figurative for take a drink. To moisten one's clay is actually to dip the stem of the clay pipe into liquor to prevent the stem from sticking to the lips; this was sometimes desirable if the sealing wax on the end of the pipe stem had worn off. There may be a double meaning of moistening the "common clay" of which the human body is composed. (See also chapter 2, note 2.)

3. PEA JACKET. A jacket of coarse woollen stuff worn by sailors, fishermen, etc. As in the case of so many terms associated with the sea, the word is Dutch, pij, a cowl.

Chapter 18

1. SANDBOYS. Lads employed in loading and carting sand; they are proverbially jolly as their occupation seems like play (till you try it). The Jolly Sandboys as an inn sign is apparently one of Dickens's happy inventions.

2. SPARROW-GRASS. The full history of this curious word is given in the great Oxford Dictionary. In the eighteenth century it was the "polite" name for asparagus in its shortened Latin form, sparagus. In the nineteenth century asparagus was reinstated for the educated classes and sparrow-grass left for the illiterate, and of course the trade shortened it further to grass, the common term by which it is still known in the market.

3. A MODERN INNOVATION. The dog which nowadays accompanies the Punch and Judy show appears to have been introduced about the end of the eighteenth century; he is said to have got his name Toby from the dog belonging to Tobias, the son of Tobit in the Apocrypha: "So they went forth both, and the young man's dog with them." (Tobit, chapter v.)

Chapter 19

1. LITTLE LADY WITHOUT LEGS OR ARMS. Although the lady's name is not given this was doubtless Miss Biffin (1784-1850) a well-known side-show at fairs. She was a miniature painter and held her brush between her teeth. Dickens refers to her constantly.

2. SPA FIELDS. Formerly known as Islington Spa. The Clerkenwell district was famous for its mineral springs. Spa Fields lay between Farringdon Road and New River Head; they are now commemorated by an inscription in Lloyds Row: "Islington Spa or New Tunbridge Wells."

3. BLANKET STALLS. Temporary stalls at fairs and in markets surrounded by canvas sheets and awnings as a protection from the weather.

4. FLOG ME WITH WHIPS. Poor old Grandfather; he knew that some of the "curative" measures employed in lunatic asylums included: lashes ordered by the doctors, surprise baths (hot), rotating chairs, high-walled enclosed courts or yards for exercise, etc. All this was only just over a century ago.

Chapter 21

1. INCOME OF SIX POUNDS. This sum is noted to shew how rates of wages have risen during a century. The writer remembers that only fifty years ago housemaids in large establishments received a starting wage of £12 a year (together of course with board, lodging, washing, and an issue of three print frocks); wages were paid quarterly.

2. RING FANCY'S KNELL. A line from the song: "Tell me where is fancy bred," heard while Bassanio is making his choice of a casket in *The Merchant of Venice*, act iii, scene 2: "Let us all ring fancy's knell."

Chapter 22

1. LITTLE BETHEL. It has been conjectured that the original of Little Bethel was Zoar Chapel, in Great Alie Street, Goodman's Fields, Whitechapel. Its approach provided the shoeman who in 1840 often acted as preacher, with "his favourite allusion to the crooked ways" as related in chapter xli. Goodman's Fields is now covered by streets. (See *The Dickensian*, 1913, p. 233.)

Chapter 23

1. LEFT AN INFANT BY MY PARENTS. Dick Swiveller's maudlin moaning is probably a wild parody on John Parry's ballad "The Poor Peasant Boy":

"Thrown on the wide world, doom'd to wander and roam,
Bereft of my parents, bereft of a home,
A stranger to pleasure, to comfort and joy,
Behold little Edmund, the poor Peasant Boy."
Here's a miserable orphan for you!

2. GO, DECEIVER, GO. Dick's verse is adapted almost without any difference from Moore's Irish Melody, "When first I met thee." The quotation comes in the second verse:

"Go, deceiver, go,
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream to know
The grief of hearts forsaken."

3. NEARLY TWO YEARS. If Quilp had known Fred Trent for nearly three years, why, in chapter 3 only a few weeks previous to this time, did Fred have to ask the dwarf's name? They apparently met then for the first time.

CHAPTER 25

1. RED-LETTER DAY OR SAINT'S DAY. In the Church Calendar saints' days and holy days (holidays) were printed in red ink for prominence.

CHAPTER 27

1. BELIEVE ME IF ALL. Mr. Slum's parody or adaptation of Moore's ballad: "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

2. I SAW THY SHOW IN YOUTHFUL PRIME. Another parody on Moore: the original reads:

"I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time
And waste its bloom away."

3. OVER THE WATER TO JARLEY. Slum's parody on the Jacobite song:

"Come, boat me o'er, come, row me o'er
Come, boat me o'er to Charlie, etc."

Refrain:

"We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea
We'll o'er the water to Charlie."

4. IF I HAD A DONKEY. Mr. Slum's effusion was a parody of a song popular at the time of Martin's Act of 1822 for the protection of animals against cruelty. The original runs:

"If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
I never would wollop him, no, no, no.
I'd give him some hay, and cry Gee Whoa.
And, Come up, Neddy."

(See *The Dickensian*, 1930, p. 194.) It may be interesting to note that Mr. Slum's version is given in the Oxford Book of Quotations.

5. OLD TOWN GATE. The towns reached by Little Nell and her grandfather are not named, but it seems safe to identify this place as Warwick, which town retains two of the town-gates with chapels above and embellished with niches for statues.

(*To be continued*)

SIR JOHN EVELYN SHUCKBURGH, K.C.M.G., C.B.

It is with the deepest regret that we announce the death of Sir John Shuckburgh, which occurred quite suddenly but a few hours after he had attended the Dickens Birthday Dinner in London on February 7th. Born in 1877, Sir John entered the India Office in 1900; transferring to the Colonial Office in 1921, he became Assistant Under-Secretary of State and Deputy Under-Secretary in 1931. He was appointed Governor of Nigeria in 1939 but was prevented by the War from taking up the appointment. From 1942 to 1948 he was Narrator to the Historical Section of the Cabinet Office. After his retirement he joined the Dickens Fellowship where his wise counsel was immediately and deeply appreciated. He was elected Chairman of the Council for the Jubilee Year, being already Chairman of the Executive Committee. He published *An Ideal Voyage, and Other Essays*, in 1946, and wrote a fine Introduction to *A Tale of Two Cities* for the New Oxford Dickens in 1949. The quality of his contributions to this magazine need no emphasis here. His kindly personality no less than the sanity and clarity of his judgements will leave a void in our ranks that is unlikely to be easily filled. Our deepest sympathy goes out to Lady Shuckburgh and to his two surviving sons and two daughters. L.C.S.

It was only in the December Number that we bade farewell to Mr. E. J. Fullwood, President of the Balham Branch, on his leaving London, and it now is our sad task to record his death. The sympathy of the entire Fellowship will be with the members of the Branch that he led so long. L.C.S.

We also regret to announce the death of: Mr. N. W. E. Hamm of Blackburn, Miss M. Young of Wellington, Miss J. Howden of Wellington, Mr. S. B. Bradford of Chicago, Mr. J. H. Spencer of Preston, Mrs. Rigg of Rochester, Miss F. C. Phillips of Birmingham, and Mr. J. G. Birkby of Manchester.

Apologies are offered for the announcement in the December Number of the death of "Mrs. Muriel Struthers" of Manchester. It should have read Mrs. Norman H. Bromley, *née* Muriel Struthers.

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND
(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

	£	s.	d.
Auckland	16	0	0
Balham—Mr. E. J. Fullwood ...	0	10	0
Chicago	10	0	0
Marinette	8	17	4
Nottingham—Mrs. Giles	0	15	0
Rochester	4	3	1
St. Pancras—Mrs. Wisdom, in Memory of Mrs. Creek ...	3	0	0
Headquarters			
Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh—Recital	87	8	8
Mr. A. R. Bromley—Davenport ...	3	3	0
Mr. A. R. Rule	1	1	0
Mrs. Birks	0	10	0
Mr. Richard E. Reed	0	3	0
News Chronicle			
Dickens Matinee ... 1762 0 6			
"The Humour of Dickens" ... 600 0 0			
	2362	0	0
Total: £10,325 16s. 6d.			

TOTALS RAISED BY BRANCHES

	£	s.	d.
Adelaide ...	5	0	0
Auckland ...	28	3	0
Balham	40	10	0
Bath	33	3	0
Birmingham ...	162	17	0
Blackburn ...	127	17	0
Blackpool ...	54	11	0
Boston, Mass. ...	54	15	4
Brisbane ...	2	14	0
Bristol & C.D.S.	—	—	—
Broadstairs ...	18	2	0
California P.C. ...	11	4	6
Cheltenham ...	48	13	0
Chester, Pa. ...	3	10	0
Chicago	15	0	0
Christchurch ...	45	16	0
East Bay ...	0	13	0
Eastbourne ...	38	0	9
Edinburgh ...	6	1	0
Edmonton ...	39	1	0
Everett	1	4	8
Gloucester ...	25	7	0
Hatfield ...	22	2	6
Honolulu ...	8	16	10
Hull	14	0	0
Liverpool ...	200	0	0
Los Angeles ...	26	10	0
Lytham St. Annes	35	2	0
Madison ...	52	9	0
Manchester ...	260	3	3
Marinette ...	10	2	4
Maryville ...	8	10	11
Melbourne ...	17	15	0
Montreal ...	1	0	0
New York ...	—	—	—
Nottingham ...	312	8	6
Palos Verdes ...	19	18	0
Pasadena ...	21	6	0
Philadelphia ...	96	19	4
Pittsburgh ...	28	8	7
Portsmouth ...	7	5	0
Preston ...	38	13	6
Redditch ...	94	13	0
Rochester ...	113	18	0
Rugby	33	8	0
Seattle	13	6	1
Sheffield ...	58	13	0
Shrewsbury ...	13	8	0
Sierra Madre ...	—	—	—
Southend ...	184	11	0
St. Pancras ...	144	18	0
Sydney	11	11	0
D.T. Players ...	1	1	0
Tewkesbury ...	2	6	0
Toronto	71	0	0
Vancouver ...	85	7	0
Victoria	2	9	0
Wellington ...	54	16	0
Winnipeg ...	10	10	0
Wolverhampton	1	0	0
Worcester, Mass.	14	3	0

THE DICKENS HOUSE

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1951.

1950.	EXPENDITURE	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	To General Expenses—		
25	Stationery and Postages	16 9 5	
28	Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses and Cleaning	36 11 9	
8	Telephone	7 10 6	
82	Caretaking Expenses	78 0 0	
275	Salary	275 0 0	
418		413 11 8	
110	,, General and Water Rates	111 11 7	
37	,, Insurances	37 6 1	
84	,, Lighting and Heating	85 17 4	
649		648 6 8	
15	*Less* Contribution from Dickens Fellowship	15 0 0	
634			633 6 8
10	,, Interest on Loan		10 0 0
204	,, Repairs to Building		233 3 1
5	,, Maintenance of Furniture and Fittings		5 17 3
11	,, Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings		10 15 6
—	,, Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet ..		109 18 11
£864			£1003 1 5

1950.	INCOME	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	By Annual Subscriptions received during the year—		
67	Friends of Dickens House		74 3 8
161	,, Admission Fees		235 19 0
	,, Rents—		
	No. 49 Doughty Street	293 11 8	
	The Dickensian	35 0 0	
	The Dickens Fellowship	50 0 0	
378			378 11 8
	,, Interest (Gross)—		
	Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment	4 14 0	
148	Walter Dexter Memorial Fund Investment ...	193 8 11	
			198 2 11
25	,, Grant from London County Council		25 0 0
76	,, Profit on Sales		91 4 2
9	,, Excess of Expenditure over Income carried to Balance Sheet		– – –
£864			£1003 1 5

THE DICKENS HOUSE

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1951.

1950.	LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	The Dickens Fellowship—		
	Loan	550 0 0	
	Interest accrued thereon	10 0 0	
		560 0 0	
988	Current Account	210 0 0	
			770 0 0
19	Sundry Creditors and Accrued Charges		237 9 9
103	Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift		102 19 9
6079	Walter Dexter Memorial Fund		7265 15 9
	Balance—		
	As at 31st December, 1950	5299 2 7	
	Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for year to date	109 18 11	
5299			5409 1 6
			£13785 6 9
£12488			

1950.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
£	Freehold Property—		
5108	Nos. 48 and 49 Doughty Street, at cost		5108 5 2
	Furniture and Fittings, at cost, less depreciation at 31st December, 1950	215 11 0	
	Less Depreciation for Year	10 15 6	
216			204 15 6
	Library and Museum, at cost—		
199	As at 31st December, 1950	198 17 2	
	Additions during year	8 0 0	
			206 17 2
	Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment—		
103	£188 5*s.* 9*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock, at cost (Market Value 31st December, 1951, £113 18*s.* 4*d.*)		102 19 9
	Walter Dexter Memorial Fund Investments—		
	£696 2*s.* 4*d.* 2½% Consolidated Stock	500 0 0	
	£1792 14*s.* 3½% Commonwealth of Australia Stock	2000 0 0	
	£530 8*s.* 3½% Conversion Stock	500 0 0	
	£1000 2½% Defence Bonds	1000 0 0	
	£488 18*s.* 4% Consolidated Stock	500 0 0	
	£486 16*s* 4*d.* British Electricity 3% Guaranteed Stock 1968/73	500 0 0	
	£527 13*s.* 4*d.* 3½% War Stock	500 0 0	
	£600 9*s.* 8*d.* British Gas 3% Guaranteed Stock 1990/95	500 0 0	
		6000 0 0	
	(Market Value 31st December, 1951, £5132 1*s.* 2*d.*)		
5513	Post Office Savings Bank Deposit Account	512 12 0	
			6512 12 0
46	Payments in Advance		71 2 0
	Stock of Pictures, Post Cards, etc—		
41	Certified by Hon. Secretary		43 13 0
85	*The Dickensian*—Current Account		42 10 6
1177	Cash at Bank and in hand		1492 11 8
£12488			£13785 6 9

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens House and certify it to be in accordance therewith. We have also verified the Investments.

MORRIS, GREGORY & CO.,
Chartered Accountants

WALTER T. SPENCER

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